THE LIVING AGE.

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THE MAID.

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;
The White Maid and the white horse and the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France, and the King who rides for shame—
Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding in Christ's high name!

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered are lance and bow.
Dust, the Cross of Saint George; dust, the banner of snow.
The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten, the young knight's valor; forgotten, the captain's skill:
Forgotten, the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill:
Forgotten, the shields that clashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of long ago:
Shadows, the poor French king and the might of his English foe;
Shadows, the charging nobles and the archers kneeling a-row,—
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with her banner of snow.

Theodore Roberts.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE MESSAGE.

Zweet child, dear child, what troubled your soul
That ye cudden bide in your quiet tomb?
'Tis a month and more zince the bell did toll,
And we carr'ed ye down through Kinder Combe;
To Clavering Church in Kinder Combe:
And left ye under the ellum tree.

With your grave avire wi' the crocus bloom,
And the robin's zong to hearten ye.

Yet dree nights zince, as I laid awake
And thought on my darling buried deep,
To a vearsome wind the house did shake,
Though the night was ca'am as a child asleep.
Zo ca'am as my little maid asleep!
And I heerd a step on the criking stair.
And the heart in my bosom zimmed to leap,
Vor all of a sudden, you was there!

Aye, you stood there in the moonlight cold,
Clear shine o' the moon 'longside my bed:
All zilver litten your curls o' gold,
The crowded curls of your pratty head:
Dear child, your shining golden head!
You zmiled so sweet, and you stood zo near!
But I cudden 'tarpert the words you zaid;
They was far and faintlike, Janey dear!

Dear! but 'twas hard! And I did try!
Zimmed I'd a died vor to understand
What you vramed to say, with your pleadin' eye
And the beckoning wave of thuck tiny hand!
Dear child, your little lovin' hand!
I strove to touch un, but all in vain;
Like a dog as zees his measter nigh,
And chok's hissell on the cruel chain.

Twelve years! a spotless vlower she grew!
Twelve years! a lily undefiled!
What sorrow, what zin she niver knew
Could break the rest o' my darlin' child?
My lily alone, my darlin' child!
Ah! not for your sake you came, but mine.
Vor the Lord would carl me home to you.
And sent me his angel for a sign.

Edward S. Tylee.

The Nation.

THE CRISIS OF THE STATE IN FRANCE.

The student in political science has an advantage which not all scientists enjoy. His experiments are prepared for him by other people; he has only to sit quietly, like the astronomer, and watch the changing phenomena. In France, owing to the Frenchman's repugnance to blurred edges, his logical, systematizing intelligence, political facts uniformly assume a neatness of outline which inevitably tends to enhance their apparent importance. They loom larger than life. Events there isolate themselves automatically, as if for the more convenient investigation of the observer. The Dreyfus affair, for instance, was a kind of experiment in the vivisection of France, conducted by the *zeitgeist* for the delectation of the philosopher. And the striking episode of March 1909, in which during an entire week some five or six thousand Parisian postmen and telegraphists, assisted by their comrades in the provinces, imposed their will upon nearly forty millions of their fellow citizens, was an event so interesting, and so conspicuous from afar, that it is not surprising if startled spectators should still be contemplating it through imaginations that distort the real perspectives.

The event in question has been called a "strike," but it was a strike of a new kind, an admirable symptom of the evolution of French society as it has been developing under the influence of democratic principles of growth. It was in reality the revolt of a considerable group of one privileged class of the French nation against the national Parliament; and the executive authority in the nation was for a time so paralyzed that none of the numerous acts of indiscipline connected with this event was punished, while in order to restore the normal life of the community the Prime Minister was obliged to parley directly with the representatives of the group of State officials, as Roman emperor negotiated with the pretorians. Small wonder if an event of so peculiar a character imposed and still commands attention. The enemies of the Republic were bound to seize it as a pretext for reinforcing their arguments in favor of the essential anarchy inherent in a republican State. They have interpreted this explosion as the beginning of the end of the present *régime* in France. The prestige of the French Parliament, they say, is now inferior even to that of the Russian Duma "Pronunciamiento Syndical," "Fin de Régime," "La Trahison des Employés de l'Etat"—such are some of the formulas in which public opinion, both in France and abroad, crystallizes its astonishment and its apprehensions in presence of a fact which a distinguished French historian, M. Aulard, has described as "nothing more or less than the most considerable event which has occurred since the French Revolution." Obviously no apology is required in making the effort to analyze curiously, and somewhat more scientifically than would appear hitherto to have been done, the nature of an event which has aroused comment so exceptional. One preliminary observation, moreover, may be made immediately in definition of the event taken in and by itself, without reference to its origins or consequences. That observation is this: the biological law of specialization of function seems to have its analogy in the departments of political and social science, the number of vital points in any given society becoming more and more numerous as the community becomes more organic, more highly developed, what we call more "civilized." In the modern State

a minority can overrule the will of the vast majority, and with an infinite ease effect the provisional disruption of the entire social organism. In the event of March in France the syndical energy of some eight thousand individuals grouped for common action annihilated for a considerable period the united force of the national sovereignty. The interests of a single syndicate outweighed those of the syndicate of consumers, of the whole mass of tax-payers—the syndicate of the nation.

In the interests of clearness during the task of striving to account for an event of this originality and magnitude, it is worth while trying to unravel, in the tangle of causes, those that are general and those that are specific and immediate; to distinguish, that is, between what Taine called the "great acting and permanent forces" and "the *données* that are more or less accidental and determinant of change." [1]

The general cause of the present crisis—and the present study aims solely at emphasizing this fact—is the inability to coordinate, in the machinery of government in France, two parts of that machine which ought to have remained reciprocally independent—namely, the administrative and bureaucratic, on the one hand, which is an inheritance of the Napoleonic *régime*, and the Parliamentary, to which, in conditions that must be explained, an excessive importance has been given. In France two governmental systems have become entangled, and we are witnessing at present such friction as, if it were to continue, would ruin the entire machine. The antinomy between the Napoleonic *régime* maintained by the Third Republic and the system of Parliamentarism fixed by the Constitution of 1875 would of itself eventually have entailed the necessity of a revision of the Constitution. But the urgent need for reform has been precipitiated by the introduction of a new factor in the problem, the Syndical Movement.

The founders of the Third Republic, in their effort to reorganize French society, achieved the political part of their task only inadequately, by framing a Constitution which preserved the old *cadre* of the Napoleonic social scaffolding, and even by adding fresh beams that rendered the political and administrative functions more organic and more centralized.

A mere handful of officials sufficed to run it. But it remained first to choose a select and trusty *personnel* whose business it should be to work the machine, and secondly to organize national nurseries of civil servants knowing their Republican business. If the Government of France had consisted merely of the *bureaux* and the Cabinet this operation of manning the French Administration with trusty Republicans might have proceeded without excessive friction. But the Constitution had focussed the national sovereignty in a Chamber of Deputies, and made the Cabinet dependent on that all but autocratic assembly. The work of France was done by the *bureaux*, and the Chamber held the Cabinet responsible for its being well done. But in order to get that work well done, from the point of view of the "representatives of the people," it was imperative that it should be done by persons on whom they themselves could count. Moreover, no deputy in any country in the world but is convinced that the interests of the community require his election and re-election. In a country of universal suffrage where the power of Number is predominant the sheer numerical value of the mass-vote of vast groups of civil servants is an essential factor of the problem of election. The phenomenon has been excellently illustrated on a vast scale in the United

[1] *Vide* letter of January 2, 1882, to M. A. Leroy-Beaulieu: "Revue des deux Mondes" April 15, 1907.

States under the name of the "spoils system." Hence the tendency both to ingratiate oneself with the functionary and to increase their number. The processes of seduction are varied, ranging from the classical method of the sop to Cerberus—the Income-Tax Bill has been in France a misplaced effort of the kind—to outright intimidation, or even blackmail, as was seen in the delation scandals under M. Combes's Ministry. With Bills of demagogic appeal, on the one hand, the French democracy has been lured steadily on to the point of liberty which it enjoys to-day; it has been given the right of free speech, the right of public meeting, the right of combination. But at the same time the Cabinets responsible for order and discipline have striven strenuously to reconcile these liberties with the principle of authority of which they are constitutionally the guardian. Some 900,000 servants of the State, *employés* of the nation who owe their appointments—that is to say their privileged existence—to the favor of a Minister or the intervention of a politician, are expected to repay their benefactors by ensuring the election or the re-election of the individuals designated by the Republican leaders. That is in France an essential part of the mechanism of government, and until within the last few years it had never occurred to any French politician that another system was conceivable.

In a letter written in 1881 to M. Georges Saint-René Taillandier, Taine said: "Under the name of sovereignty of the people we possess an excessive centralization, the intervention of the State in private life, a system of universal bureaucracy, with all its consequences. Centralization and universal suffrage, these are the two main characteristics of contemporary France, and they have given it an organization which is both apoplectic and anæmic." What Taine meant, and what no close observer could fail to note, was indeed the whole set of "consequences" involved in the simple fact that there are some eight millions of voters in France, and that at least 900,000 of them are civil servants, *employés* of the State. The French expression *l'assiette au beurre*, which refers simply to the desire of all French citizens to be given a place at the Budgetary board, and to be allowed to "put their fingers in the pie" as often and as conveniently as they like, sums up picturesquely the Gargantuan spectacle presented by the Republican caterers ever since the downfall of the Empire. In the earlier period the primary-school teachers were enrolled as a disciplined Republican army throughout the French communes, and they were made electoral agents. The letter-carriers were converted into emissaries of the Republican general staff. Mayors, sub-prefects, and prefects were the officers of this immense army of functionaries, dependent on the Minister of the Interior, and enabling him to "make the elections." That was an operation which consisted in the exclusion from all participation in the banquet, and from the distribution of plums, of citizens who sulked or openly sought to seize the whole cake for themselves. The process of government which it implied was in principle of an extreme simplicity, but in practice it was astonishingly and amusingly complicated. The main occupation of the rulers of France was, and still is, to procure for their clients as many posts and advantages of every kind as possible. This has resulted in the multiplication of posts, until as have seen, an eighth at least of the electorate owe to-day their social consideration, and the majority their economic well-being, to the successive Governments of the last thirty-five years. Favors of the most varied description—the offer of tobacco shops, newspaper *kiosques*, of red, yellow, and blue ribbons, exemptions

from military service—are extended to Frenchmen who promise to vote for the orthodox candidate. And to this magnificent system of national bribery and corruption has been added, in the interests of Republican administrative discipline, the power of intimidation. If the mayor of a village betrays signs of reactionary independence—and all independence is classed as reactionary—the interests of his commune are systematically ignored by his chiefs. The inhabitants of the township or hamlet are made to realize that the installation of a telegraph line or the construction of a road are matters not essentially of social or economic importance, but of political interest. The habit has become deep-rooted of appealing to the authorities for all those improvements which in less centralized communities are left to private enterprise. Individual enthusiasms, private initiative, are at a discount. France, in fact, has advanced steadily towards that "apoplectic" state to which Taine alluded; and the *rôle* of Parliament has been to facilitate rather than to retard the dangerous moment of utter congestion. The deputy has become perforce the ambulant intermediary between the central Government and the electorate. It is through his intervention that the office-seekers, tuft-hunters, or the mere snobs, ambitious to inscribe on their visiting cards a title marking their dignity as functionaries, are able to get at the paid organizers of the banquet, the Ministers in office. The deputy has become a travelling salesman of political or social favors and gimcracks in return for votes or local influence. His omnipotence has grown apace, until the clients to whom he had promised the moon have become disillusioned as to his ability to procure it for them. The Government has thus little by little been reduced to the undignified *rôle* of satisfying the appetites of the clients of the members of its majority, and of replying to the sarcasms and of repelling the assaults of the party who have not yet been invited to the banquet. Their entire time is occupied in this double task. Happily the real government of France is in the *bureaux*, the great State administrations.

All seemed to be going as well as possible there behind the scenes. Ministries fell, but the event was without real importance. Only the inattentive foreigner fancied that it mattered who was in office at the Elysée, the Place Beauvau, or the Quai d'Orsay. Conservative by tradition, addicted to the *bourgeois* virtues, animated by a real spirit of strenuous and continuous labor, the great administrations would have remained disciplined if it had not been for the interplay of the reciprocally antagonistic factors of French social and political evoluton: the extension to the democracy of the various liberties that seem inseparable from our time, and the effort to maintain a centralized monarchical administration. There is an immanent logic as there is an immanent justice. The radical inconsistency of the two conceptions was bound one day to result in that state of general unrest, that pervasive dissatisfaction, which has characterized the French body politic and French society during the last four or five years, and which finally, by the happy accident of the postmen's "strike," has been so localized that the real nature of the disorder can be diagnosed, namely, an acute attack of articular rheumatism in one of the great arms of the French administration, the result of long-protracted and silent secretions of a gouty or arthritic character, which must be ruthlessly combated at whatever cost.

Now, in a nation so really organic as that of France, an organism so compact, so highly developed as regards specialization of function, where every one is either a part of the machinery of

administration or of government, or a candidate for participation in administrative responsibilities, a nation which topological causes have made a more homogeneous system than is the case with any other modern people—in such a nation, where the quarrels are only family feuds, the introduction of a liberty like that of combination was the introduction of a subtle poison bound to revolutionize the whole internal economy, producing secret ravages for which Parliament, instead of finding the necessary antidotes, seemed to be blindly, perversely perfecting an ideal *bouillon de culture.*

How did it set about the concoction of this dangerous mixture? What in this connection was its conduct? How did Parliament manage to create so favorable a *milieu* for the rapid evolution of the malady? The answers to these questions will give us the efficient cause of the present crisis.

In the first place, the deputies representing the Republic were obliged by the attitude of the Catholics and the parties loyal to successive Pretenders to defend their interests and those of the new *régime* against the Church and against Reaction. This contest has so long and so completely absorbed the attention of the Republic that relatively little time has been left for the consideration of that prudent policy of social reform which has figured seductively on Radical programmes down to the very latest, that of M. Clemenceau of November 1906. Hypnotized by these grave questions of self-preservation—and the organization of secular education was an integral part of this struggle against the influences hostile to the Republic—the Republican Cabinets were too tempted to ignore the fundamental changes which were taking place in what Gambetta called the *nouvelles couches sociales*, and in the economic relations between the *bourgeoisie* and the people, as a result of the new liberties bestowed by the Republican party upon the democracy. There had not been wanting prophets, however, Republican leaders of great prestige like Waldeck-Rousseau, who foresaw the vast development which was bound to be assumed by the Syndical Movement. These men, who perceived that the law of 1884 on professional trade unions created an alien influence, corrosive of almost all the traditional notions on which French society and the French administration had subsisted for a century, recognized that, nevertheless, thus and thus only could that society evolve amid the new economic conditions. And the greatest of them, Waldeck Rousseau himself, the very statesman responsible for the law of 1884, sought untiringly to convince his countrymen that in order to prevent the syndicates from becoming a State within a State supplementary legislation was required. In a speech delivered at Roubaix in 1898, before six thousand working men, Waldeck-Rousseau referred to the law of 1884 (of which more recent legislation tolerating associations and combination in the Government offices is but the logical development) as "un des meilleurs chapitres de ma vie." And he remarked, in a note of philosophy echoed over and over again in *La Mêlée Sociale* of the present Prime Minister:

> If it be believed, as I believe, that it is with society as with individuals, in that they obey a positive law of growth, that they inevitably advance in the path of progress, then will it be seen that we were well inspired in sweeping away the obstacles in the path of the laboring classes and in releasing them from this dilemma: either resignation or revolt.

But he went on to point out that the professional syndicates must be allowed to acquire property, that, within the immediate future, "il faudrait que le capital travaille et, par une réciprocité

certaine, que le travail possède," in order that the new trade unions might bring about that ideal which he regarded as the necessary solution, namely, "the participation of the wage-earning class in industrial and commercial property." How was this great Republican leader heeded? The French Parliament frivolously shut its eyes to the danger, and refused to look the facts squarely in the face. The facts, however, were numerous and startling enough to arouse the most indifferent.

The details of the rapid progress since 1884 of the trade-union movement in France, leading up to the federation in 1895 of the various unions in a vast *Confédération du Travail*, with the "general strike" and "direct action," in distinction from Parliamentary action, as their tactics of battle, need not concern us in a study dealing with the general aspects of a crisis which, as has already been seen, is political and social rather than economic. The facts on which I insist here, and which were so unwisely neglected by the French Parliament, were the signs of revolt in the great army of civil servants, of whom the deputies were themselves the creatures—indications which a prudent statesmanship would have scrutinized with grave concern. First there was the congress of school teachers, opened to the strains of the *Internationale*, and conducted in a spirit of menacing independence. Then the *personnel* in the naval arsenals began to agitate. At Lyons there was a strike of policemen. In Bordeaux and Paris the hospital assistants demanded less work and higher wages. A kind of epidemic of "syndicomania" began to rage in France among the civil servants, who, by a law voted in 1901, were granted the right to combine without being expressly given the right to strike. At present in France there are 488 "Professional Associations of State *Employés*" in the big central Government offices, and 202 unions representing the State *employés* in match factories, the tobacco factories, the Mint, the State railways, &c., &c. These various unions are united in a general federation, and it is this colossal new force, which has been encouraged by the State, that has suddenly been brought to the notice of the public by the postmen's strike of last March. This grouping of the State *employés* has taken place so rapidly that the vigilance of even the professional politicians has been surprised. When M. Clemenceau took office two and a half years ago his programme contained the following passage:

> As regards professional trade unions, the Government will propose to you to introduce into the law of March 21, 1884, the improvements which past experience has shown to be necessary. The time appears to the Government to have arrived for increasing the civil capacity of the trade unions. . . . At the same time the Government will submit to you a Bill determining the status of civil servants. This Bill, while granting them liberty of combination, and guaranteeing them against arbitrary action, will ensure the steady accomplishment of their duty to the State, which is responsible for the public administrative services.

That is to say, M. Clemenceau showed, on taking office, that he was alive to the disquieting character of the movement among the State *employés;* he announced his intention of legislating in the spirit of his predecessor Waldeck-Rousseau's warning, and he promised the servants of the State that their long-ignored demand to possess a definite charter "guaranteeing them against arbitrary action" would at last be granted. That was two and a half years ago. Since then nothing has been done to realize this promise. The familiar methods of favoritism, due to the necessity of satisfying the claims of some eight hundred deputies and senators, still continue. In more than one

speech M. Clemenceau has fulminated against the shameless intervention of the politicians and their outrageous demands: his protests have been necessarily in vain. In order to live he must do as his predecessors have done —satisfy his majority; and to be re-elected that majority has to distribute ribbons and crosses, baubles and places. The Cabinet is the dispenser of these things, and it has no choice but to turn, together with the other wheels and cog-wheels, in the same set of vicious circles until the whole machine breaks down. The machine, however, as we have seen, is now becoming clogged with extraneous political orts and ends, and sadly requires cleaning. One of the abuses that has most irritated the State *employés* of all ranks is the scandalous way in which each new Minister has introduced into the service a little band of parasites under the guise of *attachés* of his Cabinet, who block the path of normal promotion to all the functionaries of the administration in question. Ten years ago a Minister's Cabinet never included more than two or three functionaries at the most. At present a Minister is supposed to be protected against the importunate by a *directeur de Cabinet*, a *chef de Cabinet*, two or three *chefs-adjoints*, a few *sous-chefs*, a *chef du secrétariat particulier*, a certain number of *chefs adjoints au secrétariat particulier*, one or more private secretaries, and a score of *attachés*. This phalanx of functionaries, who are mere political parasites, and usually quite without technical knowledge and training, are rightly regarded by the trained officials as interlopers who stand in the way of their promotion. Instead of protecting the Minister against the machinations of the deputies, they afford fresh channels of access to the powers that be. There results from this state of things a scandalous injustice, which is redressible by appeal to the *Conseil d'Etat*—when the civil servant wants to risk calling down upon himself the indignation of his superiors. But such audacity is rare, and the world of functionaries has now invented a more effective way of abolishing these iniquities by uniting for common action in the syndicates or professional unions, some of which are claiming the right to strike, but the majority of which are agitating solely with a view to thrusting the politicians back into their own domain, and to obtaining some form of charter which will protect them against arbitrary authority, nepotism, and favoritism.

Such are the general causes that have brought about the grave crisis in the French State. The malady is a confusion of powers, leading to a lamentable incoherency in the function of government. Representative government has become in France unworthy of the name, owing to its development in conjunction with a bureaucratic Napoleonic administration. The keystone of the system is a Cabinet chosen from the little oligarchy of Parliamentarians, who are themselves dependent for their very existence on the functionaries whom they originally created. The executive authority has slowly but steadily lost all prestige. The remedy for this situation has not yet been found. But not for twenty years have problems of statecraft and politics aroused such curiosity in France as they do to-day. The entire nation is alive to the real nature of the crisis, and resolved to find a solution for it. The solutions proposed are being discussed not merely at the *Ecole des Sciences Politiques* and in the Press, but by the man in the street. All goes to show that France is entering upon an era of active political and economic reform. They who interpreted the *pronunciamiento* of the Post Office *employés* as the harbinger of revolution betray their ignorance of the real factors

which have gone to the making of contemporary France and which are to determine the trend of that country's evolution. That strike was a phenomenon of reorganization, or, as Proudhon would say, of recomposition, not of decomposition.

Wm. Morton Fullerton.

The National Review.

A PARSON OF THE THIRTIES.

Amid all the drastic social changes of the last seventy or eighty years, none has been greater than the change in the life, and the scheme of life, the manners, the aim, the conduct of the English parson.

It is not only that the pompous, comfortable, dignified princes of the Church, with their fat emoluments and ample leisure to edit Greek plays, have given place to strenuous and younger prelates, who are lucky if they survive the herculean labors of their diocese a dozen years, and luckier still if they can make its income suffice to its new and monstrous needs. It is not only that the hunting parson of the shires—keeping his own pack of hounds, very likely—with his loud voice, his love of "a cheerful glass," and his limited, lax view of his obligations, has faded into a memory. Even in that most slow-moving and conservative of all places—a Cathedral close—the agitating hand of time has been at work, and, having aroused from their decent and peaceful slumbers dean and archdeacon, has shaken into activity canons, prebendaries, and minor canons, so that none have entirely escaped the benefits—and the losses—of a great reform.

It may be not uninteresting, perhaps, to recall the memory of a parson who preceded that reform, who was a member of a society unusually witty and cultivated, and in himself an excellent type of an order of cleric which has passed away.

In the year 1835, when Blomfield was its bishop, and Copleston its dean, St. Paul's Cathedral, in the City of London, was almost as different a place from the admirably cared for, the well swept and garnished Cathedral of today, as the placid city of the thirties without it was different from the roaring city of the twentieth century. A dim, misty, cobwebby place, this old Cathedral, where the infrequent services, droned out in the choir, lulled into deep, refreshing slumbers a few dark, scattered figures, who formed the sole congregation; where ancient and toothless vergers hobbled about, doing nothing in particular (for these were the blessed days when the fact that a man could no longer do his work was not held to be a reason why he should no longer be paid for it), and when the present numerous and eager parties of sightseers, intelligent about monuments, were replaced by a rare and solitary antiquary, roaming ghostlike through the aisles.

Without, in the Churchyard, were shops of ancient foundation and unimpeachable respectability; lumbering stage coaches, up from the country; the prosperous gig of the City merchant; the phaeton of the man of fashion from the West; the residential houses of some of the Cathedral clergy, notably of Barham, the "Thomas Ingoldsby" of the "Ingoldsby Legends," and, since 1821, Minor Canon of St. Paul's.

Hard by, at the end of Paternoster Row, there was, as there is now, Amen Court or Corner (a very dark corner), where great gates shut in, as they shut in still, the close or more residential houses of canons and minor canons, some squares of barren grass, some

families of sooty but cheerful sparrows, and a welcome air of quiet in the midst of turmoil, and of solitude in the midst of crowds.

Here, since 1831, had lived, as Canon Residentiary, Sydney Smith, "the wittiest Englishman since Swift"; kindliest, manliest straightest of parsons or diners-out; a radical reformer in a very sanctuary of Torydom; an excellent parish priest at a date when the country incumbent's conception of his duty was certainly easy.

Also in Amen Corner had lived, until his death in 1833, Canon Hughes, and that charming, accomplished Scotswoman, his wife, who made in the corner the nearest approach to a *salon* the City of London ever knew, who was famous for her delightful singing, her wonderful *répertoire* of legends and ghost stories, and as the friend, the hostess, and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott. After 1833, Amen Corner was no longer her home; but her connection with it still continued in her constant letters to and from Minor Canon Barham; and it is largely to her legendary lore and energetic inspiration the world owes the publication of one of the classics of humor—a fact "Thomas Ingoldsby" generously acknowledged when he wrote in her copy of the "Legends":—

To Mrs. Hughes, who *made* me do 'em.
Quod placeo est—si placeo—tuum.

No. 3 Amen Corner had been just vacated by Dr. Blomberg, the adopted son of good Queen Charlotte; chaplain to his brother-by-adoption, George IV; Canon of St. Paul's, and an accomplished fiddler, so devoted to his art that it was whispered that, out of respect for his office and the sabbatarianism of the times, he kept a greased bow so that he could play silently on Sundays.

Into this No. 3—a dark, pleasant, roomy, comfortable, old house, with its torch extinguishers still above its doorstep, and its oak panelled rooms—there came, in 1835, a certain Minor Canon Hall, his wife, and a large little family. Holding his minor canonry since 1826, he was already one of the Cathedral circle, but had hitherto lived at Clerkenwell, or, very occasionally, at his country living at Sandon. Aged now about forty-three, cheery and round-faced, quick-tempered, generous, hospitable; with a full, benevolent chin above his bands; plenty of humor and shrewdness in the pleasant eyes; much good sense without cleverness, some scholarship, a little wit of his own, a great appreciation of wit in others, and so genially delighting in society he must needs have been delightful to it—this, if letters, portraits, memoirs, and memories are to be trusted, was certainly the man. Add to such qualities much sanguineness and briskness, an honest creed, unconfused and unperplexed, and a code of conduct not too exacting, but simply and faithfully followed.

He was already Chaplain in Ordinary to King William IV at his Majesty's Chapel Royal, and evening lecturer at the Church of St. Augustine and St. Faith, by St. Paul's. In this same 1835 he was made chaplain to Lord Oxford, an old friend of his wife's family, and inducted (in lieu of Sandon, resigned) into the more lucrative living of St. Bene't, Paul Wharf—now the Welsh Church of London—a cold and depressing Wren edifice, looking on to the very undelectable thoroughfare of Upper Thames Street.

His wife, of gentler blood than himself—she came of an old Welsh family—still looks from a picture, painted in these early days of her life in Amen Corner, as a slight and gentle woman, bearing in the expression of her face the languor of ill-health, with brown curls shading the transparency of her complexion, and delicate, fair arms es-

caping from the lace of a scarf.

Long ill of an undefined and wasting complaint, her children—mites of delicate little girls for the most part—never remembered her healthy and well. But, though she died when the eldest of them was but thirteen, and though she was never a strong mind or even a strong character, there was in her so great and gentle a force of religious devotion, that the smallest and simplest of them felt its influence throughout their lives.

As a wife, she admired and obeyed her husband with all the Early-Victorian woman's simple faith in the man as necessarily the superior creature. But perhaps his Reverence knew—one fancies he did know—that in the languid figure on the sofa in the drawing-room upstairs lay the real power and influence of his house, and that the very orders and plans given always by the cheerful and busy master were not the less of her quiet inspiration.

The word "busy" is used advisedly. Certainly, of the parson, town or country, of this day much more is required than of the parson of that day. But his Reverence was yet very far from idle. In that calm, dark study, smelling of the backs of books, with its heavy curtains and deep, silent carpet, he composed sermons which (they were duly published in a volume, bound in the thickest and most serious calf) would astonish the modern reader, if the modern reader ever looked at them, with their diligent references to all quarters of the Bible, and ample footnotes filled with quotations from the Fathers. Then, too, in those studious hours, undisturbed by guild services and charitable committees, his Reverence evolved a collection of "Psalms and Hymns," which, appearing in 1836, enjoyed an immense popularity, until it was superseded by "Hymns Ancient and Modern." The earlier production escapes many of the merits, and, perhaps, some of the defects, of the later. Long after "Ancient and Modern" had ousted the "Psalms and Hymns" from the churches, they still held their place in the chapels of her Majesty's prisons, and in those dreary surroundings died at last, not so very many years ago, a natural death.

Besides "Psalms and Hymns," his Reverence wrote a thoughtful volume on "Purgatory," to prove—in the first instance to his congregation—that there was no such thing. To be sure, it had never thought there was. But the startling progress of the Tractarian movement—it will be remembered that it was in 1833 that Dr. Pusey began to work on the "Tracts" with Newman and Keble—frightened a Churchman who had hitherto been of the old "high and dry" order, but who had moderation, conservatism, a deep mistrust of changes, not only in his mind, but in his blood and his bones. With very many of his brethren he began to think that, indeed, all paths lead to Rome. His "Purgatory," with most of the works inspired by that fear, is long forgotten.

But one episode connected with it deserves recollection. The author, on its publication in 1843, sent a copy to a certain young Mr. Gladstone, then President of the Board of Trade in the Government of Sir Robert Peel, and, in his own words, though "a hard-working official man," "with a decided predominance of religious over secular interests."

The letter in which he acknowledged the book is curious, not only as an early example of his famous enigmatic style, but as giving his opinion on a subject of touching interest and consequence, surely, to all men—Prayers for the Dead:—

13 Carlton House Terrace:
Sexagesima Sunday, 1843.

Rev. Sir,—I have postponed acknowledging the receipt of your work on the

doctrine of Purgatory, of which you were so good as to present me with a copy on its publication, by no means from indifference to your kindness, but through the desire to be in a condition to return my thanks with a due appreciation of the volume, and therefore after having perused it, which I have now done.

It would be great presumption in me to speak of it otherwise than with the greatest submission; yet I feel myself indebted to you, not only as an individual for an act of courtesy, but also as a member of the Church for opposition offered with so much temper, charity, and learning to a false and at the same time a subtle and attractive doctrine. May it please God to bless the effort you have made.

I am tempted to suggest to you, with reference to the closing paragraphs of Chapter VII, a subject for thought which has often occurred to my own mind. Does not the doctrine of habits, as taught by Bishop Butler, on the power of action in the formation of character, taken in connection with the undoubted truth of the joy and felicity of the souls of the just, seem to render it a rational and probable opinion, though of course it cannot thus become a tenet of religion, that their state is one of progressiveness; and if so, does not the inference arise that it is as such within the possible range of legitimate subjects of prayer?

I beg you will not suppose that I look for an answer; you will be well able to use the suggestion, if it be of the smallest weight, and to follow it out.

I have the honor to be, Rev. Sir, your obliged and faithful servant.

W. E. Gladstone.

But, besides books and sermons, his Reverence's long days saw a certain amount—to be sure, no very great amount—of parish visiting. It is true that City parishes, having then a larger resident population, afforded more scope for parochial work than they do now. But in those days the parson was regarded as the physician of the soul, exactly in the same sense as the doctor is the physician of the body; except in illness, people did not expect the services of either the one or the other.

True, in that pre-sanitary age, smallpox, cholera, and typhus still made their dreadful appearance even in the healthiest city in the world. Mr. Hall had all his life, and acknowledged that he had, a great fear of death. But in the times of those visitations, his calm, cheerful face bent over many a sick bed, and he showed daily what is, after all, the highest form of courage—to be afraid, and to act as if one had no fear at all.

But it was not only, or chiefly, the parish that demanded spiritual ministrations—or, should one rather say, ministrations that were not so much spiritual as plain, practical and good?

The four little girls stood in a row in the serious study every morning for half an hour, while Papa expounded the Catechism, and then rewarded the catechised with a sweetmeat out of a jar on the mantelpiece, or a joke out of his genial heart. But their mother was their teacher *par excellence*. In the drawing-room upstairs, in the dark London afternoons, while Papa dozed comfortably in a solid armchair by the fire, she instructed the four small creatures (each seated on a bead footstool by her sofa) in their duty to God and their neighbor, and in the "gentle bigotries" of her own simple faith; and then, as a recreation, read aloud that delicious and impressive classic of the Early-Victorian nursery, "The Three Bears"; or Papa took two of the audience

> (I cannot do with more than two
> To give a hand to each)

to Covent Garden to buy flowers for the party in the evening.

The party in the evening! It is in his sociability, and his sociabilities, in the quantity and the quality of his play as much, or much more, than in the

quantity and the quality of his work, that this Parson of the Thirties differed from his brethren of to-day. Amen Corner was a very nest of modest entertainments. Mr. Hall could have been engaged "fourteen dinners deep," like Sterne, had he been so minded. As it was, on many and many an evening he buttoned himself into his great-coat, put his neat roll of songs ("Phyllis is My Only Joy," and "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington") under his arm, and trotted across the Churchyard to meet Theodore Hook at Barham's, or slipped into Sydney Smith's residentiary house for the weekly party he always gave when in residence.

Sometimes his Reverence would "say grace over the turtle" of a City Company for a brother parson—he was not himself Chaplain to any of the Companies—or spend an evening at the newly founded Garrick Club with Barham, who was an original member of the Club, and had written the words of the glee sung at its opening festival. Sometimes there was a dinner—a massive dinner indeed—at the house of a City parishioner and merchant; and his Reverence and Madam, with her fine Cashmere shawl (the present of a brother-in-law in India) on her slight shoulders, went thither in a hackney coach.

But Madam only rarely accompanied her husband. Her increasing family and her fragile health often prevented her. A story runs how, on a Saturday night, his Reverence, just starting out for a dinner-party, called up the stairs to her to make a diligent search for dry bones in his absence—the Dry Bones being, in fact, the title of a sermon (itself partaking a little of the quality of the bones, perhaps) concerning the Valley of Dry Bones in the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, which his Reverence proposed to preach on the following morning.

Once or twice a week No. 3 Amen Corner had a dinner itself. The picture of the old wood-panelled dining-room, with the well-laden table lit by candles in solid silver candlesticks, with the red curtains cosily drawn about the windows, the fire ablaze, and the good master of the house vastly enjoying himself decanting liberal quantities of his fine old port and brown sherry before the arrival of the guests, is pleasant and not imaginary. When Sydney Smith was one of the diners he would expressly arrive a full ten minutes too soon, run up to the nursery at the top of the house, take a small girl on each knee, and delight to expend on a few little children, and the baby boy crowing for joy of life in a cot in the corner, the inimitable drollery and the stream of irresistible cleverness and nonsense which only the night before, perhaps, had been the *pièce de résistance* of the dinner at Holland House. One of the little girls still recollects—better even than the sweets in his pocket—the *bonhomie* and kindness of the shrewd, manly face, and knows, as his own children and intimates knew, that Sydney Smith's wit was not his finest quality.

When he came down to the drawing-room he must often have found Madam—with the filmy scarf over her shoulders, and the brown silk frock of her portrait—talking to a guest who was constantly staying in the house, Edward Harley, the fifth Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.

An old and a very kind friend of Madam's family, the Jeffreys, my Lord had been, not so very long ago, the boon companion of George IV; famous on the turf, where he would ride his own horses, particularly a celebrated mare, Victoria, and as having made a very youthful and unhappy marriage, and, with his wife, quickly dissipated a great fortune. He had been also the friend of Byron—the Byron student will not have forgotten that it was on

Lady Oxford's note-paper the poet wrote the "cutting dismissal" to Lady Caroline Lamb, which that impossible person afterwards published, at least in part, in "Glenarvon"; while "Ianthe," to whom Byron dedicated "Childe Harold," was Lady Charlotte, Lord Oxford's daughter, then a little girl of ten years old, and afterwards Lady Charlotte Bacon.

Now (in 1835, when he made Mr. Hall his chaplain), the Earl was about sixty-two years old—with the lean, rather sardonic face, drooping hook nose, and bright close-set eyes which have been reproduced in his miniature—and had greatly retrenched his fortunes and sobered his life. If his youth had been wild, its faults were between him and his God. Amen Corner had only to remember the most delicate and thoughtful kindness, and that he bore to his chaplain a sincere and lifelong friendship, and to the chaplain's wife the tenderest affection and respect.

Very constantly among the diners was "Thomas Ingoldsby"—a host in himself; exuberant in his geniality; buoyant, farcical, irrepressible; with a humor and playfulness not unlike Charles Lamb's; an excellent fund of anecdote of his own, and a charming capacity for listening to the much less excellent anecdotes of others.

Here, too, came very frequently another brother minor canon of the host's, a Mr. Bennett, a hot-spirited, adventurous cleric, who had worn the red coat before he donned the black, and had seen service in the Peninsular War under Wellington. His experiences in the fearful storming and sack of Badajos left so terrible an impression on a sensitive mind, that he had not only the greatest dislike to speak of the event, but even to hear a reference made to it.

Another guest, an occasional inmate of No. 3, was Harry White, Madam's nephew, sometime ensign in the 44th Regiment—Lord Oxford having obtained him the commission. Wild, dissipated, engaging, generous, and irresponsible—having, indeed, all the faults which make a man lovable, and none of the severer virtues which make him respectable—his future history outvied many a romance. Having seen service in India, he sold out of the army after an *esclandre* in which he was certainly not blameless, and entirely squandered an excellent substance in riotous living. At one time, his minor canon uncle was allowing him his whole means of existence; at his worst, the doors of the house in Amen Corner were never shut in his face. As he passed them, the boy's grosser vices seem to have dropped from him like a mantle. In Madam's drawing-room, and the purity of her presence, the oaths left his lips and the guile his heart. The little girls had never a jollier or a more harmless companion. Then, one day when he was financially at his lowest ebb, Master Harry, being at the Bank of England, finds most dramatically and unexpectedly lying there, as unclaimed dividends, a few hundreds belonging to his father. He bought an outfit for Natal, took a farewell of Amen Corner, which was at once passionately sorrowful for the past and incurably hopeful for the future, and started anew—which, alas! is seldom of any use without starting a new character. He married abroad, beneath him; fell into the old faults, drink, debt, dissipation, and became at last a common laborer in a brickfield. In October 1863, the Bishop of the Orange Free State recorded in his Journal that he found him digging a well. "Drinking had been his ruin. I told him of his uncle's (Mr. Hall's) death; it was touching to see the rough man in tears. He had been brought up by his uncle, and said 'He taught me all the good I ever knew'; he seemed to feel his degradation." The novel "Flotsam," by Henry

Seton Merriman, is founded on the character and the adventures of Harry White. The last pages of the book, recording his death in the wagon as he was being taken to the missionary station, are literally accurate.

But when Amen Corner gave its little dinners in the thirties, Ensign Harry was at his liveliest and handsomest. Add to the guests already mentioned two or three perfectly amiable and charming young ladies, with curls and an obliging ability to play on the harp after dinner, and the party would be complete at eight or ten persons.

Numerically was, certainly, the only sense in which it was a "little dinner." It began by a solid and life-giving soup, which Mr. Hall himself doled out generously from a vast silver tureen, presented to him by his grateful parishioners at St. Bene't's, who had caused an inscription to be engraved on it expressing their sentiments in terms even more handsome than the tureen itself. The feast continued in the substantial manner in which it had begun. As for drinking, the age of excess was everywhere passing, and among this company had certainly passed. But it is not the less true that—except Sydney Smith, who was as much in advance of his age in his views on temperance as he was in his views on the duties of a parish priest—no one saw gout at the bottom of the second glass as everybody does now, and that, instead, generous wine and plenty of it had almost certainly been recommended by the faculty to the guests to a man, as a cure for all the diseases they had, and a preventive of all they might have.

There was, then, much complimentary drinking of wine with one's neighbor or one's *vis-à-vis;* a lingering over the courses which no one would tolerate now; and, when the women had left —the Early-Victorian woman may be described as having, as a rule, neither helped nor hindered conversation—the real business of the evening, talk.

In all the differences, great and many as they are, between the diners of the thirties and the diners of to-day, nothing is so different as the nature of their humor.

There is a kind of youthful joyousness in the sallies of Sydney Smith and of Barham—Sydney Smith was at this time quite an elderly man—a sort of frank and bubbling jollity in their cleverness which seems to be wholly extinct at middle-aged dinner-parties now. The reason, partly, why their wit is still so delightful to us is that it was so obviously delightful to them, and then, as now, they gave pleasure because they felt it. Mine host—every now and then holding up his glass of port to the lamplight to test its fine color—certainly took a delight in his guests and their conversation, which was as spontaneous and as unclouded as a boy's.

Lord Oxford had run through all the follies and festivals of youth; but it does not appear that at these gatherings he ever struck a note of cynicism or bitterness. For an hour or two, he was again eager and sanguine. And, be sure, Ensign Harry's jolly laugh rang out often enough.

When the party came to politics, as it always did, Sydney Smith's rousing Whiggism was constantly stirring up the sluggish Tory blood of the Cathedral Close; and, in place of the languid, hopeless disgust with the contemptible folly of the opposite party—which is modern political opinion—there was his Reverence's healthy indignation with persons who wanted to alter and complicate so pleasant and simple a world.

For it *was* a pleasant and simple world. When the talk grew graver, and Mr. Hall and his friends faced the deeper problems of life, they nearly all

brought to them the honest and comfortable conviction that whatever is, is right; and, instead of the modern philanthropist's hot zeal against unequal social conditions, believed firmly that it was Providence which had made men rich or poor, and desired that they should keep so.

In the drawing-room afterwards, Lord Oxford bent over the fine, early Broadwood while Madam sang; then his Reverence, sitting in his chair by the fire, with his legs crossed, and perfectly free from embarrassment or affectation, trilled out "Phyllis is My Only Joy" to his wife's accompaniment; one of the young ladies, after the usual pressings and coy refusals, played on the harp; Harry roared a rousing martial air; and presently Sydney Smith discovered on the upper landing two little girls in their nightgowns who had stolen out of bed to listen to the music.

There was no wonder that No. 3 often repeated evenings so enjoyable and innocent; and that Nos. 1 and 2, and several numbers in the Churchyard, responded by entertainments equally pleasurable.

But if the week-days were more easy, sociable, and lively than clerical week-days are apt to be now, so were the Sundays more staid and sober.

Every Sunday morning—unless he was himself on duty at the Cathedral, or was doing deputy duty there for an absent canon—Mr. Hall, with three or four of the little daughters and a couple of their highly respectable attendants in his wake, walked briskly across the Churchyard, with a fat sermon in a case in a capacious pocket, to the Church of St. Bene't, Paul's Wharf. There he compensated, as did many of his brethren, for the absence of services during the week, by the length of the two he held on Sunday. The sweet singing voice which had charmed his friends after dinner was not of the slightest use in church, and of little in the Cathedral. The minor canon's was always a life post in those comfortable old days; as he seldom had to sing, it naturally did not matter if his voice cracked, or if he had never had one; while at St. Bene't's, whenever the Prayer Book offered the choice of "sing" or "say," the Rector followed the universal custom and chose "say" invariably.

Yet, though this restless age would find the service he conducted quite intolerably tedious and dull, not so that. Not a few of the learned members of Doctors' Commons, situated hard by, were regular and attentive attendants at St. Bene't's.

Many a worthy citizen of credit and renown brought his wife and family to their parish church and comfortably upholstered pew each Sunday morning and afternoon, subscribed to the beautifully rare charities connected with his place of worship, put his guinea handsomely in the plate—by no means presented to him every week—and, when Mr. Hall mounted the three-decker for his sermon, with the round cheerfulness of his good Sunday face shining above the white bands and the black gown, actually settled down not to sleep, but to listen.

This, at least, seems proved by the fact that the congregation of St. Bene't's were always asking their Rector to reprint his sermons. One such reprint he sent to Sydney Smith, who thanked him therefor in a brief note, quite characteristic, and written on that very deep pink note-paper which he told Miss Berry was "called in the shops *criminal blush demy*. There is an *innocent blush demy* which is cheaper."

Dear Sir,—I am extremely obliged to you for the gift of your Sermon, which I will read with care and attention.

You are very fortunate to find so much favor in the Eyes of your congregation as to be desired to print your

Sermon. I have no communication with my Congregations except a kind of Look which seems to request I should be as brief as possible.

Ever yours,
Sydney Smith.

Brevity was certainly not the soul of Mr. Hall's discourses. But they bear ample evidence of the thought and the diligence that he had put into their composition, as well as of the sober devoutness and the real piety of his nature; and the patience—that lost virtue—with which his people listened to him was a virtue rewarded.

True, the sermons cannot have been particularly intelligible to the free seats. But that mattered less because the free seats in those days were nearly always empty.

As to the afternoon service at St. Bene't's, nothing could have been more soothing, with the twilight creeping through the plain glass windows; the pleasant tones of the preacher rising and falling; the good little girls in the Rectory pew, with their little white-trousered legs sticking out straight in front of them; and presently, the mumbling clerk lighting the unsymbolic candles on the Table, and the whole congregation singing the eight verses of the evening hymn (No. 20 in the Rector's Psalmody) before it parted.

One memorable Sunday in 1837, St. Bene't's was draped in thick funereal black in memory of his Majesty King William IV, just deceased, these black hangings being, as always, the eventual perquisite of the Rector of the church, and, in the case of the rich City parishes, a handsome and costly perquisite indeed.

The next year, in the early dawn of a June morning, Madam (enjoying a brief spell of better health) and the Chaplain-in-Ordinary went off to the Abbey to a famous coronation. Their little boy's earliest recollection is of his mother bending over his bed to say good-bye to him, dressed at that untoward hour in full gala dress, feathers and turban, with the very modest parure of the Jeffreys' jewels on her slender neck.

That better health did not last long. The dark humidity of many London winters, the fashion of treating the decline of which she had long suffered by a rigid exclusion of fresh air, had their natural results. In the summer, when the whole family spent its holidays in the country at Eywood, Lord Oxford's place in Herefordshire, the invalid had grown temporarily stronger. But by the end of the thirties Dr. Keate, Surgeon General to King William IV and to Queen Victoria, and brother to the famous choleric, kindly John Keate, headmaster of Eton, was constantly in and out of Amen Court.

In the winter of 1843 he sent his patient to Hastings. She posted down in an invalid carriage, with the kindly old Earl of Oxford sitting on the box and taking charge of the small cavalcade. But the change effected nothing. In the spring she came back to Amen Corner to die; and died, grieving to leave motherless her little flock, but sustained by an absolute and unquestioning faith in the wisdom and the mercy of God, a faith which she bequeathed—a rich legacy indeed—to her children. She lies buried in the vaults of St. Bene't's, Paul's Wharf.

Into the grief of her warmhearted husband, who had depended on her even more than he knew, one need not pry. Sorrows are sanctuaries; rash he, be he friend or biographer, who lifts the veil.

For many months after her death Lord Oxford had her whole little family with him at Eywood, gave them governesses and masters, and left with them for their lives the memory of a friend.

A few years later his Reverence gave up his living of St. Bene't's, the Dean

and Chapter presenting him, in exchange, with the better living of Tottenham. To that (then) charming suburb, with its comfortable and substantial houses in fruit-walled gardens, he retired with his family and lived for some years, always retaining, and doing the work of, his minor canonry. Meanwhile, No. 3 Amen Court—much later on it became the residence of Canon Liddon—was not the only house in the Corner that had seen changes. In 1839, Sydney Smith, coming into a substantial fortune, went to Green Street, Grosvenor Square, and the Barhams came across the Churchyard to the witty Canon's house in the Corner. The old landmarks were fast being removed; and the age when, as has been aptly said, even the clergy did not know they had a mission, was succeeded by the age when every layman is comfortably, or uncomfortably, conscious that it is his personal and immediate duty to reform the world.

Mr. Hall lived to the dawn of these strenuous times. But they did not affect him. To be just, kind, and upright; to be cheerful and sociable; to be faithful over a few things and not anxious about the many with which he had not been entrusted; to be merciful to the sinner as he himself humbly hoped for mercy, and true to the plain faith he had learned at his mother's side—these were the aims he realized.

When he came to die he found that the long-dreaded King of Terrors had none; and the face of Death was to him as the face of life had been—the face of a friend.

S. G. Tallentyre.

The Cornhill Magazine.

HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

By M. E. Francis

(*Mrs. Francis Blundell.*)

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Leslies' lodgings were small, and, it must be owned, rather gloomy, and necessarily situated in an unfashionable quarter. After the first bustling of unpacking and settling down both sisters felt disappointed and melancholy. Kitty found that the change in her surroundings by no means altered the bias of her thoughts, and Bess pined for gaieties which were very unlikely to come her way. She did not care in the least for Westminster Abbey, or the Tower, or the British Museum, and the other venerable precincts which she visited under the escort of Vavasour Raymond; the company of that estimable gentleman began to pall on her, as she admitted to her sister. One day she flatly refused to accompany him to the Natural History Museum declaring she had no wish to see skeletons and stuffed beasts and birds, and imploring him instead to take her to the Park.

"The Park," ejaculated Mr. Raymond, looking in dismay from his gray coat-sleeve to the pot-hat which he held in his hand. These, though well enough suited to an educational pilgrimage, would be out of place in Rotten Row.

"Oh! do take Kitty and I to the Park," pleaded Bess, becoming, as usual, ungrammatical in her excitement. "We are both feeling so moped and miserable!"

Moped and miserable! This was not to be thought of. Mr. Raymond, spurred to unwonted energy, announced that he would return home to effect a change of garb, and would then take both sisters to lunch at the

Carlton, after which they would adjourn to the Park.

Bess danced with delight, and even Kitty hailed the prospect with pleasure. They were waiting in their best muslin frocks when Mr. Raymond returned.

Their first impressions of the Carlton were wholly delightful; the gay scene, the noise and bustle, the crowd of smartly-dressed folk were sources of interest and amusement to both alike. But presently Bess grew a little pensive. There were several good-looking young men in their neighborhood, talking and laughing with girls of her own age. Why could not she, Bess, flirt with somebody a little younger and livelier than Mr. Raymond? Besides, now that she considered other people's garments, she realized that her own were all wrong. What had been fashionable in the previous year, and what had passed muster at a country house party, seemed hopelessly out of date in London during the season. Kitty, too, had her own cause for uneasiness. The figure of a man sitting at some distance from them, in company with a somewhat over-dressed woman, whose laugh dominated the medley of other sounds, reminded her forcibly of Mowbray. She could not withdraw her fascinated gaze, and by-and-by, pushing back her chair a little, caught sight of the man's face in a mirror. It was Mowbray.

Just as she was about to avert her eyes they met the reflected glance of his, which fixed itself steadily upon hers. The corner of his lip twitched in an almost imperceptible smile, and then dropping his large full lids he appeared to concentrate his attention on his plate.

But Kitty's peace of mind was gone. He had recognized her; he had doubtless seen her terror and confusion—what if they should presently meet—what if Raymond, all unaware of her cogent reasons for avoiding one who had been their fellow guest at Heriot Grange, should also see and recognize him—perhaps hail him? How would Mowbray conduct himself under such circumstances? Would he cut the sisters, or would he greet them with insolent familiarity? Either contingency seemed dreadful. She mechanically helped herself to each dish in turn, but found herself scarcely able to swallow a morsel. At last, leaning across the table, she inquired with feverish eagerness if they would not be late for the Park?

"Don't you think we had better go now?" she added.

Mr. Raymond began to laugh, but Bess jumped up, and declared herself quite ready.

"I felt almost ashamed of sitting there," she murmured in Kitty's ear as they descended the steps. "We seemed so dowdy among all those smart folks. Our sleeves are hopeless, and our hats are quite the wrong shape."

"Perhaps we sha'n't be so much noticed out of doors," suggested Kitty hurrying on.

"That isn't at all what I want," said Bess dolorously.

Poor Mr. Raymond's well-meant endeavors to amuse the sisters were doomed to be unsuccessful that day. Bess sat twitching at her sleeves, and occasionally jerking her hat to what she considered a more fashionable angle; her eyes wandered discontentedly over the passing carriages, and she now and then heaved an envious and regretful sigh. She responded to Raymond's pleasantries in peevish monosyllables and made no effort to disguise the fact that she was bored. Kitty, too, was nervous and abstracted, and seemed unable to fix her attention on any of the interesting people whom he pointed out to her, and when, turning away in despair from Bess's pet-

tish shoulder, he devoted himself to the entertainment of her elder sister, she appeared to be looking for some one, he thought; indeed she started and changed color several times.

Kitty, however, was not, as he supposed, anxious to identify an acquaintance, but rather dreading an encounter with a person whom she very much wished to avoid. Scores of times she imagined she saw Mowbray approach, and watched, with heart beating to suffocation, the advancing figure of some total stranger.

At a sudden touch upon her shoulder she uttered a stifled scream; but it was only Bess, who had extended her arm behind the drooping and disconsolate back of Mr. Raymond in order to attract her attention.

"Gracious!" exclaimed she, in an angry undertone, "what are you in such a fright about? Don't you see there's Lady Dorothea beckoning to us from that carriage? She wants us to go to her."

Bess was already on her feet, and Kitty followed to the pretty victoria, where their friend was installed.

"I *am* surprised to see you two," said she, after the first words of greeting. "What brings you to London, my little country mice? And why didn't you tell me you were coming up?" she added in rather an aggrieved tone.

"It was all settled in such a hurry," said Bess. "We *thought* of writing, didn't we, Kitty?"

"And have you come to the Park all by yourselves, or—surely that is Mr. Raymond?"

"Yes," said Bess, "he brought us. He has been showing us the sights of London."

Lady Dorothea began to laugh.

"I shouldn't have thought the Park was in his line," she said.

Mr. Raymond now made his way to the carriage, looking, it must be owned, not altogether pleased at the meeting, and standing somewhat awkwardly while Lady Dorothea rallied him.

"'Squire of Dames' is quite a new *role* for you isn't it?" she cried, when in answer to her amused questions Raymond had enumerated the different "sights" to which he had personally conducted the sisters.

"Dames?" exclaimed Raymond, with a twinkle in his eye. "Say damsels." And he glanced at Bess.

"Oh," ejaculated Lady Dorothea, gazing at Bess, too, with the air of one suddenly enlightened, though nothing could have looked more sublimely unconscious than the young person in question.

"Well," she went on after a pause, "you will have to content yourself with looking after one damsel for half an hour or so, for I am going to carry off the other. Jump in, Kitty, I want to talk to you."

Kitty obeyed after a moment's hesitation, and Bess, recalling her absent gaze from a passing carriage, consented to return to her former place, escorted by Mr. Raymond.

"But I think it is rather a shame to deprive you of Kitty," she remarked as they strolled back.

Meanwhile Lady Dorothea smilingly hoped she had done the right thing.

"It *is* Bess, isn't it?" she inquired. "It is not you this time? Even if it is I must have a talk with you. He'll just have to spare you."

"Oh, I think he was quite willing to spare me," said Kitty, smiling too, but constrainedly. "I suppose it's all right for Bess and Mr. Raymond to be sitting there without anybody else."

"My dear child, why he's old enough to be her father! Besides—nowadays—and anyhow I am going to keep you half an hour. Little Kitty, how demurely she said it! You are not always so demure, my dear—in fact I have carried you off to scold you."

"Oh, don't," said Kitty, shrinking away from her, "please!"

"Yes, I will. At least I must warn you——"

"*Don't!*" pleaded Kitty again. "There is no need. It is all over now, quite over. I am so awfully ashamed, I can't bear to talk about it. I didn't know," she added, incoherently, "about his being married, I mean—of course, if I had it would have been different."

"You didn't know he was married! Now, Kitty, don't pretend. What's the use of telling such stories to me! Everybody must know that Gordon Mowbray is married, because every one knows how badly he behaves to his wife. Besides," she added, after a moment's pause, "I warned you myself. I told you it wasn't fair to Lady Ellesmere."

"But I didn't know who Lady Ellesmere was," faltered Kitty.

"You poor babe!" ejaculated Lady Dorothea, mollified for a moment, but resuming presently in a more severe tone. "Still, you must have seen that he was a fast man. And really to make assignations—"

"Did he tell you?" interrupted Kitty, in a strangled voice; then, sitting upright, she clenched her hands. "Oh, how hateful of him, how dishonorable!"

"You really make me think the matter has gone further than I imagined," said her friend, staring at her in astonishment. "I saw a letter in your handwriting."

"Did he show it you?" broke in Kitty, almost inarticulately.

"No—he laughed over it a good deal, but he wouldn't tell me what was in it. I wormed out of him about your meeting in the wood though. Really, I could hardly believe it. A man like Gordon Mowbray!"

"Why did you have such a man in your house, then?" said Kitty, goaded to boldness. Her eyes were blazing in her white face. It was characteristic of Lady Dorothea that she liked her the better for the outburst.

"My dear child," she said, very kindly. "You mustn't hold me accountable for this business. I have known Mr. Mowbray a long time. He is very amusing and a capital actor—It is nothing to me that he doesn't get on with his wife—whom, personally, I can't bear"—she added in parenthesis. "It never occurred to me that you did not know all about him, and I thought my little hint on the subject of those roses would stop the flirtation."

"The flirtation!" gasped Kitty. "You thought I would flirt with a married man?"

"What a little innocent it is! All the same I can't quite make you out. I can't understand how—"

"Oh, don't let us talk of it any more," pleaded the girl. "I don't understand myself now. I was mad I think—and, of course, I suppose we are very ignorant—and there is nobody to tell us anything—" her voice trembled on the verge of tears.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," said Lady Dorothea. "I don't want to bother you, but still, there is nobody else to do it—Kitty, what about that other man?"

"Do you mean Mr. Raymond?" asked Kitty.

"Mr. Raymond! No—he is as safe as a church. Little Bess, if Bess is his choice, might do worse than marry him. He has heaps of money and would make her very happy—no, I am talking of the other man—the man who met you in the wood. Mr. Mowbray said he was quite a common creature—a laborer, or looked like one."

"He is nothing of the kind," said Kitty, breathing quickly, but speaking firmly and with deliberation. "I suppose you are talking of Mr. Hardy. He is our landlord—and an educated man."

"An educated man!" ejaculated Lady Dorothea. "Mr. Mowbray said he was a rough country fellow, and alarmed me by adding that you seemed on most intimate terms with him."

"Mr. Hardy has certainly been our friend," said Kitty, with white lips. "I don't know what Mr. Mowbray can have meant by calling him a rough fellow. He is, of course, a farmer—a large farmer—"

"How odd you look, child," interrupted Lady Dorothea. "A farmer, a large farmer—as far as you are concerned, he might as well be a large grocer. Surely, Kitty, it is impossible that there should be anything between you and a person of that kind? Though I did question you about him, I never really believed—I thought it was one of Gordon Mowbray's fairy tales."

"There is nothing between me and Farmer Hardy," said Kitty. "He used to be very kind to us, but he was so—so horrified at my meeting Mr. Mowbray—that he—we don't speak any more."

"And a good thing too," commented Lady Dorothea.

"I don't think it at all a good thing," broke out Kitty. "We hadn't a friend in the world when we came to the Little Farm, and Mr. Hardy's kindness made all the difference to us. He is an honorable man—the soul of honor. Certainly Mr. Mowbray is not qualified to judge him!" she added bitterly.

Lady Dorothea, moving a little in her seat, gazed at her with a pained and puzzled expression.

"It is really dreadful," she observed plaintively; "Kitty, you *must not* talk like that. My dear child, it is all very well to be ignorant and innocent, and, of course, one must make allowances for your bringing up—but, still, such things as these are the A.B.C. of life. Because you have had an unpleasant experience with Gordon Mowbray, it doesn't follow you are to make a hero of a common farmer. Somebody ought to take you in hand," she added rather wearily. "I only wish I had time myself."

No doubt if Lady Dorothea had not had so many engagements and been so much sought after, she would have made time to educate Kitty; but as it was in the whirl of the season, the "little country mice," as she called them were speedily forgotten.

In the course of the following month Mr. Heriot met the girls in the street, and received from Bess a somewhat doleful account of their doings; and on returning home he recalled the fact of their existence to his wife, coupled with the remark that he thought she ought to do something for them.

As a result of this intervention, Kitty and Bess received an invitation to a ball, at which Lady Dorothea said she would herself chaperon them. Bess's exaltation was somewhat clouded by her longing for the unattainable in the shape of a new frock; while Kitty, who was still out of spirits and somewhat out of health, almost dreaded the exertion. However, the invitation was accepted, and the best evening dresses of last year were got out and furbished up for the occasion. The sum advanced by the publisher, large as it had seemed to Mr. Leslie, had been much diminished by a residence of several weeks in London, and he refused with some acerbity to allow the girls to call in the assistance of a dressmaker. They snipped, and turned, and cobbled with their own hands therefore and Bess, moreover, had the happy thought of ironing both dresses herself; the result was an amazing limpness and a total loss of freshness.

With palpitating hearts they awaited Lady Dorothea's arrival in the cloakroom of the big house to which they had been conveyed, feeling more and more nervous and dispirited as their fellow-guests crowded in. Magnificent,

haughty-eyed matrons in tiaras, beautiful girls, exquisitely dressed—each fresh arrival seemed to depress the sisters more.

"Look," whispered Bess, pointing at a cheval glass. "Look at us, Kitty. Those two little shabby things are *us!* We look positively dingy. For two pins I'd put on my cloak and go away again."

"No," said Kitty, "we couldn't do that. It would be too rude to Lady Dorothea. I daresay she'll come soon. I think you look all right Bess," she added lamely.

"I don't!" retorted Bess. "I'm cross, and I am always hideous when I am cross, and my dress might have come out of the rag-bag. And so might yours—and you haven't a bit of color to-night, and one side of your hair is fluffier than the other. Oh, I *wish* Lady Dorothea would come."

But Lady Dorothea did not come for a considerable time. She had forgotten, as she subsequently explained to the girls, that she had another invitation for that night.

"I had to go there first—I couldn't have taken you, you see—and what could I have done with you?"

Kitty and Bess, meekly following her up the broad stairs, wondered within themselves what she was going to do with them now. As a matter of fact, she did not do very much. She found and introduced a man to each, and then disappeared.

Bess very incautiously admitted to her partner that she knew no one in the room, and hinted that she would be much gratified if he would make known some of his friends to her.

"And I must introduce you to my sister," she added. "She doesn't know anybody either."

The youth murmured very politely that he would be delighted. Nevertheless, at the conclusion of their dance he was obliged to hurry off, he said, in order to catch somebody whom he particularly wanted to speak to, and, oddly enough, he never returned. The young man who had fallen to Kitty's lot also disappeared before she had time to introduce him to Bess, as had been her intention. Both men belonged to the category of the worldly-wise, and permitted themselves no admiration except at a much beseiged shrine.

The little sisters scarcely looked as pretty as usual tonight, nobody knew whom they were, and Lady Dorothea's playful pet name of "Country Mice" was not qualified to further their interests. They stood in a corner, therefore, forlorn and neglected, while Lady Dorothea conversed at length with a personage who interested her. It never could be said that Lady Dorothea flirted, but on such occasions as these she was liable to beome absorbed. It seemed terribly, unconscionably late when she at length stood before the weary little outcasts, inquiring if they were ready, and hoping they had enjoyed themselves.

"Very much," returned Kitty, with a quivering lip.

Bess made no answer; her hands were clenched in her long gloves.

"I'll marry Mr. Raymond," she said to Kitty in a vengeful tone as they mounted the stairs together to their room, after being dropped at their own door by their friend.

"I'll have a man of my own, even if he is an old one. I have been holding him at arm's length all this time, but I'll just let him come on now. I'll trot him about too, I can tell you."

Kitty made no answer, and Bess kept up a grumbling tirade all the time they were undressing. When at length her little voice was still and they lay side by side in the merciful darkness, Kitty let her mind dwell on the green fields, the leafy woods, in the neighborhood of the Little Farm, and thought of Stephen Hardy.

He would not have left them in the lurch, as those other creatures had done. Whenever they had seemed desolate, or at a loss, he had always thrown himself into the breach. Was she making a hero of him? as Lady Dorothea had said. No, he was no hero, but he was a man—a true man.

The Times.

(To be continued.)

THE POLITICAL SCENE.

The political scene again invites criticism and remark. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is dead, Mr. Asquith is Prime Minister, and the complexion of the Ministry has personally become more politically youthful. In a large measure the men not only of the present but of the immediate future are in power, and the existence of a new generation of electors is evidenced by the composition of the Cabinet. The Victorian Age has disappeared, and we have permanently entered on the epoch of Edward VII. And now also the Parliament of 1906 has reached its meridian; henceforth, until it constitutionally ceases to exist, it will be in a sense dying. The historian cannot, it is true, yet write the parliamentary history of the past three years, for the picture is still incomplete and parts of the canvas are yet unfilled. But there is ample material for retrospect, and an opportunity for anticipation—some general characteristics are plain, some personal points stand out clearly. Unquestionably in this latter respect the features of this Parliament are already fixed—the large body of Labor Members, for instance, who entered the House amidst the cheers of their followers and the fears of a large body of the public, have proved themselves about as useful as legislators as the bourgeois members whose legislative speed they were to accelerate. A Trades Union Bill and an Eight Hours Bill for coalminers have become law, but it is probable that these two measures would have been placed on the Statute Book if the Labor Members had been only one quarter of their number. Vague fears of Socialism are lessened, public apprehension has disappeared, and it is well that it has, for under our present social conditions the presence of a number of Labor Members at Westminster is alike inevitable and desirable. They represent a huge body of opinion whose ideas must find voice in the House of Commons, and its representatives will have the more weight the more they recognize that, though one of their functions is to safeguard the interests of a class, they are elected to represent first of all the interests of a locality, to take part as its representative in the general business of the House, whilst at the same time they advocate, when opportunity offers, the reasonable demands of the artisan.

At the present time it is evident that the House of which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was in its beginning the leader will endure for about a normal period, and will come to an end in 1910 or 1911 under the leadership of Mr. Asquith. So much appears certain, because with the immense majority behind the Prime Minister he is secure from any of those political changes and chances which rendered the continuity of more than one Victorian Ministry precarious and unstable. That majority may sometimes be restless, but a majority of such dimensions could render harmless even caves of Adullam. Mere restlessness cannot affect the fate of the Cabinet. Therefore unless a positive bolt from the blue were suddenly to descend on the political world one factor of the present sit-

uation is obvious—that this Parliament will expire at the end of a purely normal period.

This fact is one of some constitutional importance and interest, and should make those who adversely criticise the English party system, with its obvious defects, pause in their comment. The bane of parliamentary institutions in France, and in every other country where there is any similarity with the parliamentary system of this country, is uncertainty in the life of administrations, the want of stability in parliamentary majorities, the too great influence of personal factors on party. But the Liberal majority will clearly remain—allowing for some slight movements and changes—the same strong force that it was in the first session of 1906. From the point of view of administration and of non-contentious legislation this stability is an immense national advantage. Efficient administration, however able may be the permanent officials, is difficult if parliamentary chiefs change rapidly, and if general lines of policy are subject to interruption and alteration. It is therefore clearly in the interest of the nation that Parliament should exist for its normal period, unless it is obviously out of touch with national feeling. Administratively and constitutionally, therefore, it was desirable that a premature dissolution should not take place. Whatever views, for example, may be held of Mr. Haldane's Army reforms, could anything have been more unfortunate for the country than that the man who watched over their conception should not have guided their fulfilment? Or that Mr. Burns, with his strong common-sense and sympathy with the workmen and artisans of Great Britain, should not have had ample time to carry out his administrative measures? Unquestionably, therefore, Mr. Asquith has done good service to the country by refraining from at once taking up the several challenges of the House of Lords to appeal to the country. In this particular phase of his policy the Prime Minister has not only shown sagacity, he has also undoubtedly acted in a thoroughly constitutional manner. The fate of Ministers is in the hands of the House of Commons, representing, as that House does, the will of the people. Apart altogether from the administrative and political instability which would result if each House of Parliament were capable of causing an appeal to the country, it would be opposed to every constitutional principle which in arduous and trying years has been engrafted on the political constitution, if a Prime Minister with a strong majority at his back were to appeal to the people against a decision, not of the House by whose will his Ministry exists, but of a branch of the legislature which has not placed him in power. No statesman of modern times had more sagacity and a clearer knowledge of constitutional usages than Lord Melbourne, and he would never admit the right of the peers to force a Ministry to dissolve. When in 1839 Lord Roden carried a motion in the House of Lords for a select committee to enquire into the state of Ireland, Lord Melbourne replied by obtaining a vote of the Commons in his favor. At that time he wrote to the Queen: "It is impossible to acquiesce in the vote of last night in the House of Lords. It would not be justifiable to resign in the face of the declaration that I made in the year 1836 in the House of Lords, that I would maintain my post as long as I possessed the confidence of the Crown and of the House of Commons, particularly as there is no reason to suppose that we have lost the confidence of the House" ("Letters of Queen Victoria"—Lord Melbourne to the Queen, 22 March, 1839). The refusal of the Prime Minister to appeal to the country against the action of the

House of Lords in throwing out the Licensing Bill of last session, and the other measures whose fate has been sealed in that assembly, has made the constitutional position more fixed, for it could not be more clear. Time will show to what extent the peers are interpreters of the feelings and opinions of the nation at large, but at any rate we trust that the last has been heard of that strange anti-constitutional demand—remarkable as emanating from the party whose welfare is so bound up with the conservative instincts of the people—that a non-elective and hereditary chamber should usurp the functions of the Commons in regard to resignation or dissolution.

What will be the gain or loss from a purely party point of view of the determination of the Prime Minister to postpone a dissolution it is not our intention to consider at length. But it can scarcely be doubted that the failure of the Cabinet to put an end to the conflict in regard to religious education is not one which will weaken them with their Nonconformist supporters. The embers of educational strife still smoulder: the entente between the Church and the Nonconformity on this subject which arose for a time last year, and to some extent still continues, may cease at any moment. Now and again a flame springs up sufficient to show that very little would reproduce the lamentable and active strife which until last autumn has been so long in existence. The *odium theologicum* is at the bottom of it, and it is the despair of genuine educationalists and moderate-minded men. Meanwhile the extinction of the non-provided schools goes on slowly but none the less surely, so that every month in some respects weakens the power of the militant Church party. For it must be borne in mind that in every parish in which such a school is extinguished there is extinguished also a Church ally, because, so far as the particular district is concerned, there is no more to be gained by a continuation of the conflict. And indeed, as in the minds of many the *raison d'être* for the continuance of the old voluntary schools was the opportunity which they afforded of an escape from the payment of an education rate, the interest of a large number of electors in opposing provided schools has now ceased, since, provided or non-provided, they have to be paid for out of the county rates. But the grievance of the Nonconformists being in a great degree sentimental, it will remain strong until the two sets of schools are placed on the same footing. Thus from the point of view of a party struggle the continued existence of the religious question in regard to elementary schools is not one which, on the whole, can be considered to be favorable to the Opposition.

It is equally clear that, though the Licensing Bill of last session alarmed a not insignificant or unimportant body of middle-class electors—though they were probably neither as numerous or as influential as they seemed—who were holders of debentures and shares in brewery companies, and also a body of traders, yet that on the other hand the opposition of the brewers is regarded with dislike by a large number of disinterested persons who are fully aware of the injury done to the community by some of the traffic in alcoholic liquors. So that the gain to the Opposition by the antagonism of the brewery interest and its supporters to Mr. Asquith's Government will be counterbalanced by the strong temperance feeling which is so marked a feature of the social life of to-day. Yet the opinion of the country is at the present time more difficult to gauge than was the case during the late reign. The daily Press does not indicate the feeling of the mass of the electorate; though widely read, its influence is less.

The tendency of the Press to give as much attention as possible to news, to discuss events shortly and smartly, though it may be desirable from the point of view of business, tends to lessen the weight of the Press as a moulder of public opinion, just as it makes the enunciation of views on political subjects less valuable as an indication of popular feeling. And the increase in the weight of the provincial Press renders it also more difficult to formulate any view from a survey of the entire Press. More volatile and more emotional than of yore, the electorate is less stable, more influenced by an event of the moment, more capable of forgetfulness. An occurrence, sudden and unforeseen, may have an unexpected and powerful influence on a general election, whilst the increase also in the size of the electorate, the diffusion of education among the middle and working classes, are factors very disturbing to the political meteorologist.

Again, it is easy to exaggerate the effect of the legislative activity of a Liberal Ministry on the country as a whole, for it is inevitable that if such a Ministry is to satisfy the majority of its supporters it should initiate measures of change. This is the very *raison d'être* of its being. "We have not been an idle Government," said Mr. Gladstone of his famous administration of 1868, which disestablished the Irish Church, reformed the Army by abolishing purchase, and laid the foundation of a national system of education. The purpose, therefore, for which it is placed in power cannot be attained unless its policy is progressive; it must not be legislatively idle, and such a policy is sure to alarm a certain number of the electorate, and in due time its progressive force must necessarily be expended, which is the force on which it lives. But it is not those whom in the first instance it alarms who constitute a danger. True it is that this number is sure to make itself heard; each one of it becomes a person with a grievance, and we all know that a man with a grievance is generally audible. The Conservative elector who is alarmed for his pocket will often make a greater commotion than his grievances warrant. Mr. Gladstone was a positive *bête noire* to a large number of worthy Tories, it was difficult to find words bad enough for him, yet Mr. Gladstone was before 1886 more powerful in the country as a whole than any statesman before or since. It therefore by no means follows that the sequel to an active ministerial existence will be the return of Mr. Balfour to power in the near future, though it is well to bear in mind the shrewd remark of the first Lord Halifax: "The feelings of those who suffer from the removal of abuses are always stronger than those of the general public who are benefited." After a long period of Conservative administration, such as preceded the general election of 1906, the actions of a Liberal Cabinet were sure to provoke opposition among a number of persons, to cause a stir new to a vast number of present-day electors, so long had the Tories been in power. It is easy, therefore, to overrate the importance and the weight of expressions of alarm and discontent. There is, in fact, no strong evidence that the country as a whole is hostile to Mr. Asquith's Government, or that it has any desire to place the Opposition in power. It would have been extraordinary if the popular wave of antagonism to Mr. Balfour's Ministry which was shown in 1906 had continued at the same high level. Tory candidates were certain to win some by-elections, which afford a fine opportunity to those who may be hostile to some "plank" in the party programme to show their love of the party without violating their political conscience.

Against Liberal losses may well be set such an election as that at Taunton in February, when in a quiet West Country town an avowed Socialist was able to poll a large number of votes. The seat was retained for the Unionist party, but the election, so far from showing any advance in Unionist feeling, indicated, if it indicated anything, that the feeling of the constituency was on the whole hostile to that party, because there must have been a number of voters, not Unionists, who would not have supported a Socialist candidate. One swallow does not make a summer, and we take this election, as well as the Scotch elections in March last, merely as one piece of evidence that on the whole the feeling of the country has not undergone any large or vital change since the beginning of 1906. And why should it? An ideal, a perfect administration has never yet existed, mistakes alike of policy, of legislation, and of administration are inevitable in every Cabinet. Many of the most long-lived Governments have made blunders, but in such instances the country has not had sufficient confidence in the Opposition to place it in power.

But as no administration is perfect, can it be said that the present one is now undeserving of the confidence of the country? Writing two years ago we said of the present Government: "In their general conduct of affairs there has yet been little which the country is prepared to condemn," and, again, "on the whole, therefore, we see little reason for thinking that the actual conduct of affairs by the present Ministry has disappointed reasonable expectations." Is there any reason to modify these statements in consequence of events during the intervening two years? We think not; for if we look over the legislative and administrative field we find, on the one side, that a number of useful measures have become law—we may instance the Small Holdings Act of last session as a good example of progressive legislation—and on the other that unquestionable administrative capacity has been shown.

Foreign affairs were discussed in a recent number of this Review, and therefore it is sufficient to say that the foreign policy of the Cabinet—because, however much may be owing to Sir Edward Grey, the credit of his work must go to the general credit of the administration to which he belongs—has been justified out of the mouths of its opponents. Time was when violent party conflicts occurred over questions of foreign policy, when the fate of Cabinets was decided by the result of divisions on such a matter as was in issue in the memorable Don Pacifico debate of 1850. Whether those days have gone never to return may be doubted, but for the time being there is a tendency to treat questions of foreign policy as in some degree at least outside the party arena. Certainly there are now sufficient questions of parliamentary and public conflict without bringing in the foreign policy of an administration, but, whether this be so or not, this absence of partisan heat makes for stable government, and if things go well it places certain items, so to speak, on the credit side of the party ledger.

It is certainly to be regretted that questions of naval administration cannot be placed on the same footing for the purposes of parliamentary discussion as foreign affairs—criticism and the expression of opinion are necessary, but after them the responsibility must rest with the Government, if neither the one nor the other produce a change in formulated plans. A party debate in Parliament is forthwith removed to the platform, and if the subject of such a discussion is one of administration each side is hampered in the future by declarations on matters of administra-

tive detail. No doubt as regards the administration of the Navy the speeches of the Prime Minister and the First Lord of the Admiralty on the Naval Estimates last month stirred the feeling of the country in a remarkable manner, producing in fact what is popularly termed a "scare," at any rate in the Press, though we doubt whether the country was disturbed to the extent that the newspapers indicate. For after all the average Briton has a way of keeping his head which a Press, anxious for sensationalism, has not yet wholly destroyed. Mr. Asquith admitted that his naval advisers had been wrong in regard to the rapidity with which the German Government could construct battleships of the *Dreadnought* type, and that consequently this country would not presently hold such pre-eminence in this type of war-vessel as had been contemplated when the Navy Estimates were discussed last year. If it is worth while to spend millions on a Navy, it goes without saying that it must be on a Navy which will—as far as ships can—give complete security to Great Britain in time of war; in other words, it must be sufficient for offensive and defensive purposes. But we deprecate the present tendency to estimate sea-power by the number of a particular, if very powerful, class of battleships. Such vessels are at present no doubt from a technical point of view of the first importance, and a Government which neglected to keep this country up to the mark in this respect would fail in its administrative duty. But sea-power does not rest only on particular types of battleships at particular moments, or on the numerical superiority of one fleet over another. "Consequences momentous and stupendous were yet to flow from the decisive supremacy of Great Britain's sea-power, the establishment of which beyond all question or competition was Nelson's great achievement; but his part was done when Trafalgar was fought." It is well to recall Admiral Mahan's pregnant words, because it would appear that both the House of Commons and the country are inclined to forget other factors—personal and geographical—which must come into play in a naval contest. The sea-power of Great Britain cannot fall from the standard on which it was placed by Nelson and his comrades merely because the number of one class of battleships is less at a given moment than some experts think desirable, and it is pitiful to find that public opinion appears to place reliance so much on one element only of sea-power. As soon as the naval advisers of the Government ascertained that the data on which their programme of ship-building was based were altered, the administration appears to have taken reasonable and business-like steps to meet the need which was apparent. To expend money as if the country were on the brink of war, and without regard to the satisfactory character of our foreign relations, would have been imprudent. Germany with her restless foreign policy has only herself to thank if other nations are unquiet and suspicious, but in regard to her war fleet it must always be borne in mind that her mercantile fleet has in the last few years immensely increased, and that an increase in a commercial navy postulates an increase in a war navy to guard it. It seems also to be overlooked that an increase in the naval power of Germany necessarily gives her more weight in relation to such maritime powers as France and Italy; in other words, it is not necessary to consider each addition to the German Fleet solely as a menace to English sea-power. At present, as Sir Edward Grey conclusively showed in the debate on the vote of censure on March 29, our relations with Germany

are entirely satisfactory, and Mr. Balfour also admitted that he could not descry a cloud in the sky. A fair-minded critic cannot consider that the Government has shown itself either supine or negligent in regard to the Navy; it has not hesitated—contrary to the feelings and wishes of a considerable body of its supporters—to ask the House of Commons for an increase in the Naval Vote; it has dealt frankly with the country, and it has been prudent without panic.

If our view is carried to that part of the scene whereon Colonial questions are visible, here again not only is there nothing open to criticism but, on the contrary, the South African question—the most troublesome for many a long year—appears to have entered upon a period of tranquility and, it may be hoped, of renewed prosperity; and here again the policy of the Government has received the commendation of the Opposition. The administration of the Army raises a more debatable subject, but there is a general consensus of public opinion that Mr. Haldane's schemes should be allowed a fair trial. It cannot be said that they are viewed with hostility in any quarter, though there are many who are not convinced that they will be successful. If Mr. Burns at the Local Government Board has been regarded by some as not sufficiently sympathetic towards the demands of the unemployed, his common-sense and shrewdness have undoubtedly impressed the country at large. So that, if there were a general election to-morrow, over a large extent of the scene of administration it would be difficult to find ground for adverse criticism, whilst in some respects—as in regard to Lord Morley's Indian policy—the country is thoroughly cordial. A man of letters is primarily not as well fitted to be a political administrator as a man of affairs, for the habits of the student are not such as tend to capacity in the office. But there can be no doubt that Lord Morley has not only shown himself a great statesman, he has also, much to the benefit of his party, been able to impress his countrymen by his speeches on India inside and outside the Houses of Parliament. It is truly enough said by a recent American student of our institutions that English opinion is now more and more governed by the platform—and by the platform we should include important speeches in either House—that is to say, speeches which are read outside Westminster. Few educated persons can have failed to read those delivered by Lord Morley on India, and everything which he has said has impressed his countrymen. The author of the monographs on Voltaire and Rousseau is recognized as the ablest Indian Secretary of modern times.

To a considerable extent the exact opposite must be said of Mr. Birrell. It is true that last session he successfully piloted his University Bill through the House of Commons and inaugurated thereby a new university system in Ireland. He will doubtless receive due credit for this in the pages of the future historian. An English elector, however, knows little and cares less about the subject. But the administration of the law he thinks he understands, the tyranny of cattle-driving and of boycotting is alien to his own law-abiding nature, to his habit of public expression in a newspaper or on a platform of his grievances. In the debate in the House of Commons on February 23 Mr. Birrell read a long report from the police on the condition of several Irish counties. We take Roscommon as an example, not because it is better or worse than other counties, but because it seems to be a fair average example.

Roscommon.—No change in the general condition of the county, the leaders in the agitation being inactive at

present; 1 person under constant protection and 7 by patrols; 2 outrages; combinations against the payment of rent exist on some 6 estates; cattle-driving in abeyance at present; no change of condition of boycotted person; some cases of intimidation.

This report shows us a very disorganized state of society. There may be half a dozen murders or robberies committed in a town, but it does not necessarily imply a general disorganization, a state of illegality. But in the above extract we find one person under constant protection and seven by patrols, and it is further significantly stated that the leaders in the agitation are inactive at present. This is a state of affairs which demands a strong yet a reasonable administrator. Mr. Birrell treated it from a different point of view. He admitted that the police had important duties to perform and great difficulties to contend with, but his tone was to a large extent apologetic. "There are causes of disturbance in the land question in Ireland, and as long as that is the case boycotting will be resorted to in some parts of the country." But is boycotting a necessary sequel of local dissatisfaction in regard to the land question, which it is clear is in process of gradual solution by the transfer of the ownership of farms from landlords to tenants?

It should be the aim of the Chief Secretary to prevent this sequel, not to regard it as a physician may some physical result of a disease which medical science cannot prevent. To criticise administrative acts or omissions which must largely depend on innumerable questions of detail is impossible. An omission here affords grounds for a party attack, something done there a basis for a party defence. But the impression which a reasonable reader will gather from Mr. Birrell's speeches is that he has regarded the gravity of the state of Ireland too lightly, that more might have been done to prevent outrages by proceedings against the leaders. "Never was I more in doubt in my life as to whether or not I should institute prosecutions against that honorable member" (Mr. Ginnell). However, Mr. Birrell did not prosecute him and the High Court of Justice did. But this hesitation to strike at leaders appears to show in Mr. Birrell a tendency to mingle administration and diplomacy, when the main object should be to obtain respect for the law. That the Irish Constabulary have performed their duties, as they always have done, with strenuousness we cannot doubt, but we do doubt if the head of the Irish administration has shown sufficient vigor, or sufficient appreciation of the importance of upholding respect for the law in Ireland.

In the article of two years ago to which we have already referred there occurred in regard to the subject of Ireland the following words: "those who supported the present Ministry at the general election on the great fiscal issue are not prepared to acquiesce in the utilizing of their assistance for the purpose of furthering the Home Rule projects of a party which it was authoritatively declared would not in the new Parliament forward the Home Rule policy." It is clear that, so far as this Parliament is concerned, all danger of Home Rule is gone. The Government Bill to alter the administration of Ireland has been rejected. With this subject, however, we dealt in a previous number, and it is only touched on here because it appears to be clear that, though no doubt Home Rule will still continue to figure in some election addresses, it is no longer a serious political issue. The English people have made up their minds on the subject, and it is little likely that, as long as Mr. Asquith leads the Liberal party, anything more than purely constitu-

tional measures to improve the condition and the administration of Ireland will be brought forward.

At the present moment, if this view be right, it is of the first importance that Unionists who are Free Traders should be prepared with the utmost energy to protect and to forward the Free Trade cause, for the fiscal question is much more the main issue of the time than is Home Rule. When any measure contrary to the principles and views which have been advocated steadfastly in this review is laid before the country in definite terms and as a serious legislative project, then will be the time to show adherence to the Unionist principles which have had so vital an effect on the question of Home Rule. But in the meantime it would be at once unpatriotic and unpractical to weaken the cause of Free Trade by an academic adherence to principles which for the time are clearly not in danger.

We have already briefly referred to the action of the House of Lords with regard to the Education and the Licensing Bills. The question of the Reform of that House is not one which can be dealt with in a brief survey of the political situation at a given moment. Some years ago we expressed our views on the necessity of a reform of that chamber, and it has itself, by its recent report, shown the desirability of radical changes. But there is a vital difference between changes in the composition of what must always be to a considerable degree a conservative-minded assembly and a diminution of its legislative power. "The social prestige of the aristocracy is immensely less than it was a hundred years or even fifty years since," wrote Mr. Bagehot more than thirty years ago; it is now certainly still less, and Unionists as well as Liberals are agreed that changes in its *personnel* are inevitable. But is the country prepared to diminish the actual power of the peers? This question may be called in speeches on the platform the dominant issue of the time, but it will not become such until the peers are brought into acute conflict with the democracy, and therefore we see no likelihood of any such change until the issue has been decided by a general election in which this shall be the great, the true issue. Until the fiscal question is decided the House of Lords is safe, for the country cares at present far more about the means of livelihood and its methods of business than about the constitutional position of the Upper House in relation to the legislation of the Commons.

The intention of the Government to introduce during this session a Bill for the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales must obviously be regarded in connection with the position of the House of Lords— for nothing can be more certain than that such a measure will not pass a second reading in that assembly. Such a Bill is without doubt eagerly demanded by the majority of the people of Wales, and, having regard to the tendency of public opinion to give more and more power to localities, to foster the spirit of local independence within the Empire, and at the same time to bring all its parts into closer harmony, that demand has greater weight than it has ever yet possessed. Those who preach the doctrine of what is called Imperialism do not always see accurately whither it may carry them, for the closer the Colonies are brought into connection constitutionally with the Mother Country so as to make them integral parts of one immense empire, the stronger become the claims of any part of that empire, even though they now are parts of the United Kingdom, for what may be termed separate treatment. The importance, therefore, of the second reading of the Welsh Church Bill will be in the evidence it will give that the demands of Wales have received the ap-

proval of a Parliament which for many years is the first to represent the Liberal opinion of the country. Obviously, should another Liberal Government follow on the next general election, a Welsh Church Bill must, if a second reading be carried in the Commons this year, form one of the first parts of its policy, and might very well be also the cause of a constitutional conflict between the two Houses of Parliament.

Shortly after the present number of this Review is in the hands of our readers they will also have had an opportunity of considering the Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Upon this financial statement it is probable that the credit of Mr. Asquith's administration will largely depend, because the most important of his social measures—the Old Age Pension Act—is inextricably bound up with the finances of the country. Many things, both in public and private life, are desirable, but for their fulfilment money is required. In a great degree the justification for the above measure will depend on the manner in which the demands which it makes on the Treasury are justified. Emotional appeals, either to the House of Commons or to the country, will not justify it unless it can be worked without undue pressure on the country as a whole. That this change will in any way impair thrift we do not believe, and unquestionably it is an untold boon to a vast number of worthy and respectable people who have never been able to save sufficient for their old age. But sympathy for the aged and deserving poor will not be considered an excuse for rash finance.

But the moment that the question of national finance is brought up we are in contact with the remarkable phenomenon that the Unionist party has returned to the policy which was so thoroughly condemned by the country in the first half of last century. The Unionist party is now frankly Protectionist. There are, both among members of Parliament and non-parliamentary members of the party, a number of Free Traders, but the Unionist party as a whole is now Protectionist, and at the next election the country will have to decide whether it will give up the system of Free Trade under which it has for so many years prospered or return to Protection united to an increasing power of Trusts. That the electorate is in a position to make up its mind there can be no doubt. Discussions on the subject have become a part of the nation's daily life; men who have almost gloried in stating that they are not politicians have argued, and will continue to argue, over a question which touches alike their homes and their business. Indeed, in our political history there has never been a subject which has so fixed the attention of the country. But in this discussion the position of the Liberal Ministry and its Free Trade supporters is clear and unambiguous—that of the Opposition is obscure and uncertain. Appeals to self-interest, to so-called Imperial feelings, to economic doctrines—appeals destructive sometimes of one another, generally antagonistic, characterize the speeches of the Opposition, portending, should Mr. Balfour return to power within the next two or three years, a remarkable clashing of opinions and interests. In former times the utterances of the Protectionist party were marked by the most complete sincerity, but it is a characteristic of the present Opposition that it is insincere. The Duke of Wellington and Lord George Bentinck desired to protect the agricultural interest by a duty on corn; there was a straightforward position—they were frankly Protectionist. But to-day the Opposition tries to run with the hare and to hunt with the hounds, to make out that the consumer will not be injured, and that the producer will also benefit, to hide an old policy under

a new name. Whether the country will be deluded by these statements remains to be seen. The leader of the Unionists, too, is as obscure as the meaning of his speeches, and it is doubtful if the nation will consent to entrust its interests on such a subject to a statesman who continues to play so ambiguous a part. Lord John Russell's celebrated Edinburgh letter of 1845 was one of the frankest political party calls which were ever made, and if we examine history we shall find that to lead a party to victory a clear policy is necessary. This is one of the elements of strength of the Government, whilst its absence is one of the weaknesses of the Opposition. Nor should it be overlooked that the personal capacity of the Government as a whole is a long way above that of the Opposition. Men like Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Winston Churchill may not always satisfy a fastidious taste, but they have considerable influence over popular audiences and popular imagination. Can anyone be found on the side of the Opposition who has the same gift? Personal factors cannot be kept altogether out of consideration, and during the last three years in the House of Commons it cannot be said that there has been any marked ability shown in the debates of that House by the Opposition, or, though some papers and periodicals may seem to suggest it, that there is any unseen parliamentary talent—even among that melodramatic body known as "the Confederates"—capable of forming a strong administration. Such talent as the Opposition possesses does not appear to blush unseen, or, when exhibiting itself, to be of any sterling quality.

The result, then, of a survey of the political scene seems to show that, though the Liberal Government may have made mistakes, it has carried out the mandate of the country as delivered to it in February, 1906, it has administered the affairs of the nation with efficiency, it has placed some memorable laws—tending to the national welfare—on the Statute Book, and it has shown a large measure of personal ability. An administration may not be strong enough to continue in office if an Opposition is even more powerful; but an administration which, though it has committed faults, has vitality and strength, may be more than a match for an Opposition with an obscure and experimental policy and an ambiguous leader. Liberals and Peelites, "all Free Trade Conservatives," were able to prevent a return to Protection after 1846; is it likely then that in our time the Liberal party and the Unionist Free Traders, who number men as patriotic and as earnest as those who followed Sir Robert Peel, will not be able to safeguard the policy which is the enduring glory of that Conservative statesman?

The Edinburgh Review.

A BUDGET OF OLD LETTERS FROM EGYPT.

By Dr. George Milligan.

Amongst recent discoveries in Egypt none have awakened a more widespread interest than the countless papyrus documents that have been brought to light. Some of these have been found amidst the ruins of ancient houses and temples; others have formed part of the cartonnage in which crocodile-mummies were enveloped; but far the largest number have come from the rubbish-heaps on the outskirts of the towns and villages, to which they had been consigned as waste-paper instead of being burned, as is so often the case amongst ourselves.

The difficulty of deciphering these

frail papyrus-leaves is, of course, very great. Not only has the writing often become blurred and indistinct, but the papers themselves were frequently torn across or partially destroyed before being thrown out; and it has required the unwearied skill and patience of many English and Continental scholars to piece them together, and reproduce them in such a form that their meaning can be understood.

The documents themselves are of the most varied character, the greater bulk being of a more or less official nature—judicial proceedings, wills, contracts, leases, receipts, and so forth. But along with these there have also been recovered many private letters, which—like all true letters—are often of the most self-revealing character, and call up before our minds the whole domestic and social life of Egypt in a manner that before their discovery was wholly impossible.

The best way to show this is to give a few specimens of the letters themselves. And we may begin with a couple of letters which were addressed by his two sons to the architect Cleon, who acted as commissioner of works in the Fayûm district about the middle of the third century before Christ. A large amount of Cleon's correspondence has come down to us, and deals with such business matters as complaints by the quarrymen against their overseer, or the necessity of imposing an additional salt-tax to secure an adequate water-supply. But the two letters that follow are of a more directly personal nature. The letter of the younger brother, Polycrates, may be placed first. It is marvellously complete, without a *lacuna* of any sort, and, according to Dr. Mahaffy, who edits it in the collection of *Flinders Petrie Papyri*, is written "in a beautifully clear and correct hand." The contents leave a good deal to conjecture; but Polycrates had apparently been borrowing from his elder brother Philonides, and now, perhaps with the view of being enabled to repay him, writes to his father, asking him to interest himself on his behalf with King Ptolemy II., on the occasion of his visit to celebrate the Arsinoe festival:

Polycrates to his father, greeting. I am glad if you are in good health, and everything else is to your mind. We ourselves are in good health. I have often written to you to come and introduce me, so that I may be relieved from my present studies. And now, if it is possible, and none of your work hinders you, do try and come to the Arsinoe festival. For, if you come, I am sure that I shall easily be introduced to the King. You must know that I have got seventy drachmas from Philonides. Half of this I have kept by me for necessaries, but the rest I have paid as an instalment of interest. This happens because we do not get our money in a lump sum, but in small instalments. Please write to us yourself, that we may know how you are circumstanced, and not be anxious. Take care of yourself that you may keep well, and come to us in good health. Farewell.

We have no means of knowing what was the result of this appeal; but alongside of the foregoing there may be set a subsequent letter written by Philonides, which exhibits the same characteristics of careful calligraphy. Whatever else Cleon had done for his sons, he had at least given them a good education. Unfortunately, the first part of Philonides's letter is lost; but he also had been making some request about the King, for the first words recovered are: . . . "for so it will be possible to find the King propitious for the future." Then he proceeds in a truly filial tone:

Assuredly, nothing is to me more important than to take care of you for the rest of your life, worthily of you, worthily of myself; and if any mortal chance should befall you, to see that

you receive all honor. Indeed, it will be my chief concern to take care of you honorably, both while you live and when you have departed to the gods. Above all things, then, make every effort to be released finally [from your office]. But if you see it is not possible [try] about the time of the falling of the Nile, when there is no risk, and it will be possible for Theodorus to stay behind and act as deputy, to come in order that for this season you may sojourn with us. But keep this in your mind, that you absolutely must not have any annoyance, but that I shall have thought out everything, that you may be free from trouble. Good-bye.

For our next letter we may turn to the Serapeum, or great temple of Serapis, at Memphis. Amongst its inmates, as we learn from various documents, were certain persons who had taken up their abode there as "recluses." The precise nature of the vows they took upon them is still a matter of discussion amongst scholars; but from the letter before us they were evidently not binding for all time. Isias, at any rate, clearly thinks that her husband has been "in retreat" long enough, and in a tone of mingled affection and irony writes to urge him to return home. The original letter, which is dated on the 24th July 168 B.C., belongs to the British Museum collection, and has been edited by Dr. F. G. Kenyon:

Isias to Hephæstion her husband, greeting. If you are well, and other things are turning out with you according to your wishes, it would be as I perpetually pray the gods. I myself am in good health, and the child, and all in the house, making mention of you continually. When I received your letter from Horus, in which you explained that you were in retreat in the Serapeum at Memphis, I immediately gave thanks to the gods that you were well. But that you did not return when all who were shut up with you returned distresses me. For, having piloted myself and your child through out of such a crisis, and having come to the last extremity because of the high price of corn, and thinking that now at last on your return I would obtain some relief, you have never even thought of returning, nor spared a look for my helpless state. While you were still at home, I went short altogether, not to mention how long a time has passed since, and such disasters, and you having sent nothing. Then Horus, who took my letter, brought back word about your having been released from your retreat, and I am utterly distressed. Nor is this all; but, since your mother is in great trouble about it, I entreat you for her sake and for ours to return to the city, unless, indeed, something more pressing occupies you. Pray take care of yourself that you may be in good health. Good-bye.

From the fact that the letter was found in the Serapeum, it would appear that Isias's entreaty was not answered.

With this there may be compared a letter from Oxyrhynchus, so well known through the marvellous discoveries of the Oxford scholars Drs. Grenfell and Hunt. It is addressed by a certain Hilarion to Alis, his wife, and throws a lurid light upon the manner in which female child-life was regarded, under certain circumstances at any rate:

Hilarion to Alis his wife, heartiest greetings, and to my dear Berous and Apollonarion. Know that we are still even now in Alexandria. Do not worry if, when all the others return, I remain in Alexandria. I beg and beseech of you to take care of the child, and as soon as we shall receive a present I will send it up. If you bear offspring, may there be much happiness! If it is a male, let it be; if it is a female, expose it. You told Aphrodisias, "Do not forget me." How can I forget you? I beg you, therefore, not to worry.

The care of their little plots of land was naturally a main concern of the Egyptian peasants, and we are not surprised, therefore, to find many letters dealing with agricultural matters. The proper irrigation of the fields, for example, at the time of the Nile's rising was then as now a matter of essential importance, and explains the peremptory tone with which in the following letter a small proprietor summons his dilatory son to return and attend to his work, or else it will be impossible to find a tenant for their lot:

Hermocrates to Chæras his son, greeting. Above all I pray that you may be in health . . . and I beg you . . . to write regarding your health, and whatever you wish. Already, indeed, I have written you regarding the . . . and you neither answered nor came. And now, if you do not come, I run the risk of losing the lot [of land] which I possess. Our partner has taken no share in the work, for not only was the well not cleaned out, but in addition the water-channel was choked with sand, and the whole land is untilled. No tenant would be willing to take it over, only I continue paying the public taxes without getting back anything in return. There is hardly a single plot that the water will irrigate. Therefore you must come, otherwise there is a risk that the plants are lost. Your sister Helene greets you, and your mother reproaches you because you have never answered her. In addition, security is demanded by the tax-gatherers. . . .

This letter, which comes from the great Berlin collection, belongs to the first century after Christ; and from much the same period we have an exceedingly interesting bundle of fourteen letters which were found by Drs. Grenfell and Hunt in a house at Kasr el Banât, a village in the Fayûm. They are strictly a family budget, and are for the most part addressed by the head of the family, a certain Lucius Bellenus Gemellus, to his son Sabinus or (? his nephew) Epagathus, who seem to have managed his affairs for him. The letters extend over sixteen years, and the latest, written by Gemellus himself when he was seventy-seven years old, bears traces of his advancing age in the "shaky and illegible" character of the handwriting. The general impression the editors have formed of the character of Gemellus from his letters is that "of a shrewd old man of business, somewhat wilful and exacting, but of a kind and generous disposition"—qualities which will be readily recognized in the following short extracts. We take them from Drs. Grenfell and Hunt's admirable translations of the letters:

Lucius Bellenus Gemellus to his own Epagathus, greeting. I blame you greatly for the loss of the two pigs owing to the fatigue of the journey, when you had in the village ten animals fit for work. Heraclidas the donkey-driver shifted the blame from himself, saying that you had told him to drive the pigs on foot.

Please carry forward the digging of the olive-yards and their ploughing up and hoeing, and plough up and hoe the fallows, and urge the driver to do his proper work every day, and do not unite a number of bulls.

Lucius Bellenus Gemellus to his son Sabinus, greeting and continual good health. You must know that Elouras the royal scribe is become deputy for the strategus Erasus, in accordance with a letter of his highness the præfect. If you think it well, send him an artaba of olives and some fish, as we want to make use of him. Send us for the house some . . . and olives, for they have no fresh olives at the house.

Send ten cocks from the market for the Saturnalia, and for Gemella's birthday-feast send some delicacies and . . . and an artaba of wheaten bread. Send the animals to carry manure at the vegetable-ground at Psinachis, and the manure-carts, for Pasis is crying

out that we must not allow it to be dissolved by the water, and let them fetch his hay. Send the animals at once.

The mention of the "birthday-feast" in the last of these extracts recalls to us the love of the inhabitants of Græco-Roman Egypt for entertainments of all kinds, and we can congratulate ourselves on the fact that several formal letters of invitation, inviting guests (who are not directly mentioned by name) to be present at these, have been recovered. From the close resemblance of phraseology in these letters, notwithstanding differences of locality and date, it is obvious that certain formulas for the purpose had become as much stereotyped then as they are amongst ourselves now. Here, for example, is an invitation to dinner in the second century:

Antonius, son of Ptolemæus, invites you to dine with him at the table of the lord Sarapis in the house of Claudius Sarapion, on the 16th, at 9 o'clock.

Or take this invitation to a wedding-feast a century later:

Herais requests your company at dinner in celebration of the marriage of her children at her house to-morrow, the 5th, at 9 o'clock.

While with these may be compared this somewhat more detailed summons to one Serenia to attend a religious festival about the end of the third or the beginning of the fourth century:

Greeting, my dear Serenia, from Petesoris. Be sure, dear, to come up on the 20th for the birthday-festival of the god, and let me know whether you are coming by boat or by donkey, in order that we may send for you accordingly. Take care not to forget. I pray for your continued health.

These three letters were all found at Oxyrhynchus, and there may be added to them this short letter from Tebtunis, in which a brother invites his sister to come up to "town" for the New Year:

- Damas, assistant, to Artemidora my wife, greeting. Before all else I make obeisance for you every day. Please come up to the metropolis at the New Year, since I myself also am coming up to the city. Greet your mother and your father. I pray for your health.

Naturally, letters to or from members of families who had left their homes bulk largely in the particular class of correspondence of which we are speaking; and amongst these there occur a number of soldiers' letters, of which the following is a highly interesting specimen. Its "situation" has been ingeniously reconstructed by Professor Deissmann in his last work, *Licht vom Osten* ("Light from the East"). According to this, the writer, Apion, son of Epimachus, has been enrolled as a soldier in the Roman army, and along with his comrades takes ship for Misenum. The passage is stormy; but, thanks to the care of his fathers' god Serapis, Apion is saved, and on landing writes to acquaint his father with the fact, and to tell him of the new life that is opening up before him. Already he has received three gold pieces in payment of his travelling expenses, and has got the new Roman name which, according to regular practice, was bestowed on him as a non-Roman on entering the army. With an ardent expression of filial piety and the customary greetings, and the added mention of a little portrait of himself he had taken the opportunity of enclosing, the letter concludes. In full it runs as follows:

Apion to Epimachus his father and lord, heartiest greetings. Above all I pray that you may be in health, and may always live in love and prosperity with my sister and her daughter and my brother. I thank the lord Serapis

that when I was in danger at sea he straightway saved me. When I entered Misenum I received my travelling-money from Cæsar, three gold pieces. And I am having a good time. I beg you, therefore, my lord father, write me first of all a few lines regarding your health; secondly, regarding that of my brother and sister; in the third place, that I may kiss your hand, because you have brought me up well, and on this account I hope to be quickly promoted, if the gods so will. Give many greetings to Capito, and to my brother and sister, and to Serenilla and my friends. I send you a little portrait of myself at the hands of Euctemon. And my [military] name is Antonius Maximus. I pray for your good health.

Curiously, a second letter of this same soldier has also come to light. It is written several years later, and shows that by this time the writer was married and had a son. From the fact that it is addressed to his sister Sabina, we may perhaps conjecture that the writer's father, Epimachus, was now dead:

Antonius Maximus to Sabina his sister, heartiest greeting. Above all I pray for your health, for I myself also am in health. When I was making mention of you before the gods of the district, I received a short note from Antoninus our fellow-citizen, and when I learned from it that you were well, I was exceedingly glad. I also do not lose any opportunity of writing you regarding my health and the health of those with me. Greet Maximus much, and my dear Kopres. There greets you my wife Aufidia and Maximus my son, whose birthday-feast is the 30th Epiph according to the Greek calendar. Greet the lord . . . I pray that you may be well.

It is tempting to go on quoting, but one more example must suffice. And here we may fall back on the famous schoolboy's letter. Its amusing terms —some of which lose a good deal of their force in an English version—have led to its becoming widely known. But as, through the labors of various scholars, the text, as first published in vol. i. of the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, has now been amended in several particulars, we may reproduce it in a fresh translation:

Theon to Theon his father, greeting. You did a fine thing! You have not taken me away along with you to the city! If you do not wish to take me away along with you to Alexandria, I won't write you a letter, or speak to you, or wish you health. But if you did go to Alexandria, I won't take your hand, or greet you again henceforth. If you do not wish to take me away, this will come to pass. And my mother said to Archelaus, "He upsets me. Off with him!" But you did a fine thing! You sent me gifts, great ones . . . ! They deceived us there, on the 12th, when you sailed. Send for me, then, I beseech you. If you do not send, I won't eat, I won't drink. There now!

Comment is needless.

Chambers's Journal.

URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

The afternoon was red-hot. We had become almost fireproof by this time, however, for the long summer was nearly over, and a week or a fortnight would see the return of winter to the Punjab. The punkah swung monotonously overhead, and, as I sat beneath it waiting for the cup of afternoon tea to cool, my orderly entered and announced that Subadar Sher Dil Khan would like to see me. Wondering what brought the old native officer,

an Afridi, and no lover of the heat, across the fiery *maidan* (common) which lay between my bungalow and the regiment's lines at such an hour, I bade the orderly show him in. Sher Dil, trying to look cool and comfortable, but without much success, entered, and having saluted, took a chair beneath the punkah.

He was a short, wiry man, with a face seamed and scarred till it resembled a piece of crumpled parchment. Bushy eyebrows shaded a pair of keen gray eyes, and a close-cropped bristle of beard accentuated the prominence of a chin which bespoke a character not to be trifled with.

He had served for over thirty years in the regiment, but, save for the crumpled face, time had dealt lightly with him. He carried a straight back, and his movements betrayed no stiffness of the joints; whilst his hair could tell no tales, as his head was clean shaven and his beard dyed an intense blue-black.

Thinking something unusual must have occurred in the lines, or that he had some more than ordinarily urgent request to make to bring him out in the heat, I hastened to ask his errand. When he replied that he had only come to pay his respects and that he wanted nothing, thanks to the enduring kindness of the sahibs, who were more than parents to all who served them, I knew instinctively that I was to be asked for an indulgence which, if not directly contrary to regulations, would at any rate call for a very liberal interpretation of them!

However, experience had taught me that it was bootless to attempt a departure from the beaten track of Oriental diplomacy; so, accepting the old familiar formula as a statement of fact, I resigned myself to a conversation on ordinary topics, both of us at the same time being fully conscious of the fact that the real purpose of our interview would not be disclosed until the time came for saying good-bye.

Thus, then, my gallant old friend and I carried on our little comedy until, the interval required by good manners having elapsed, I gave him the formal "leave to depart."

He rose, saluted, and turned towards the door. The psychological moment had arrived, and the murder was out!

"Sahib, I have a petition."

With the conventional look of surprise which such occasions demand, I asked him what I could do for him. His request was twofold. Firstly, would I use that influence which every one knew I possessed and invariably exercised in the cause of justice and humanity, and obtain for him two months' leave on urgent private affairs; and secondly, would I ask no questions? As my friend had already had his turn of furlough during the year, I confessed to foreseeing considerable difficulty in obtaining the leave, especially as the training season was about to recommence. But on his assuring me that it was a matter of life and death, and that the situation was such that if he could not go to his home forthwith he would have no choice but to resign his commission, I consented to do what I could. The Colonel, ever watchful of the interests of all his flock, proved a difficult subject, for invidious distinctions as well as departures from the strict letter of the law were abhorrent to him. However, the past record of the old Subadar and the trust we all placed in him eventually triumphed and, to his great delight, I was able to tell him next day that his prayer had been granted.

That evening, as I was returning from mess, he met me on the road and bade me good-bye with renewed protestations of gratitude.

. . . . . .

Two months had passed. The keen Punjab winter made life a pleasure

once more. The band was playing the old-time melody, "My Arab Steed, Farewell," whilst the Adjutant inspected the staff parade. The men were waiting about in groups for the "fall in." Sher Dil, his face wreathed in smiles, came up to me and reported his return from leave. He added that, with my permission, he would call upon me in the afternoon to present me with a little gift he had brought from Tirah. I told him I would be delighted to see him, and we took our places on parade, ready to receive the Colonel.

In the afternoon he duly presented himself at my bungalow and begged my acceptance of a truly beautiful and formidable specimen of an Afghan *chura* (dagger), as a memento, he said, of a memorable event. I, of course inquired what the auspicious occasion was which called for so splendid a gift. It was evident that my friend was brimming over with news which could only be withheld with difficulty, and my question opened the floodgates of his pent-up emotions.

His story flowed forth in an uninterrupted stream. Freely translated, it ran as follows:—

Sahib, when, with that kindness of heart which is proverbial and has endeared you to all of us your servants, you gave me your gracious permission to visit my home, you conferred upon me a boon which it will be impossible for me ever to repay. But my prayers are and ever shall be offered up for blessings upon your head. May you become a lord!

I left cantonments immediately after you graciously dismissed me on the road near the mess-house, and took the train to Peshawar. But before I relate the history of my adventures, Sahib, I must explain the reasons which led me to ask for leave to revisit my home so soon after quitting it at the expiration of my furlough; for it is only right and proper that I should lay open my whole heart to the sahib who placed his trust in his servant.

At his death, my father, who was killed in an unfortunate little affair regarding some irrigation water, bequeathed to me, in addition to the position of head of the house, the balance of a blood-feud which had given him much occupation during the greater part of his life. Since assuming my duties as his heir I have been assiduous in maintaining the honor of the family and, by the help of Providence and the expenditure of many cartridges, I managed to reduce the males of the family with which we were at feud to one. But such an one! A regular devil! He had been in the Sirkar's service, and in addition to being a marksman he was a man of many devilish resources. He left his regiment suddenly. He was on sentry-go at the time, and a good Government rifle and a bag full of cartridges went with him. His name was Gul Jan. His family tower stands within rifle-range of mine, and though our persevering efforts to obtain decisive results made the time pass whenever I happened to be at home on leave or furlough, the occupation was not only profitless, but expensive; for, as you know, Sahib, the Sirkar's cartridges fetch their weight in silver across the border. During my last furlough I practically exhausted my cash and credit, but still with no result, as no artifice would draw the jackal from the shelter of his tower, and even my unceasing vigilance and unerring marksmanship could not contrive to send a bullet through his loophole whilst he was at it. So I returned to the regiment with an unsatisfied longing gnawing at my heart. My sleep left me, my appetite failed. I could not do my work. At last, one day, the cup of my suffering was filled to the brim when you yourself, Sahib, were, doubtless with justice, con-

strained to call me a fool on parade. (But you were merciful even in your anger, for you swore at me in English, and did not bring shame upon me by using the black man's abuse.)

Well, such a condition of affairs could not be permitted to continue, and I felt that, unless I could get back to Tirah for a final effort, India would claim my clay and Gul Jan would save his cartridges and his skin. But now all is changed! By your kindness I can once more hold up my head. True, my leave in future will perhaps be a trifle dull, and the days may hang somewhat heavily on my hands; but I am growing old, and it is time I made my peace with the world and turned my thoughts to serious things. You who have listened thus far to my prating will, perhaps, wish to hear the end of the tale also? It is soon told. Sahib, you remember how, before I went on leave, you once lectured to us Sirdars upon the tricks of war? Amongst the many wise artifices of which you told us, there was one which seemed to me most admirable, and it set my brain thinking. You told us how, once upon a time, a certain great general, who had been besieging a town for ten years in vain, hit upon the device of concealing a party of his young men in a big wooden horse and getting the enemy to drag the image within the walls of the town. Once within the ramparts, the young men leapt from the belly of the horse and, under cover of darkness, opened the gates of the place to their friends outside, and thus brought about its capture.

I revolved this history in my mind for many days, and then the idea came to me that I might encompass the downfall of that jackal Gul Jan by a similar artifice. As I have already related, after taking leave of you, I first made for Peshawar. Arrived there, I went to one Hussain, a maker of camel-hide butter-vats. These, as you know, sahib, are made in two sizes—those which are meant to be slung on a mule and those which are for camel transport. The latter are large and roomy, each being capable of containing over a hundred and fifty pounds of butter. It seemed to me that, once the difficulty of entering one of these larger vats, which have but small mouths, were surmounted, a man of my stature with a cavalry carbine as companion could comfortably travel within it. Without disclosing my object I therefore consulted Hussain regarding the matter, and suggested that he should make me a special vat, with one side of it capable of opening on a hinge like the lid of a box. Hussain, consumed with that curiosity which is as the very breath of their nostrils to all bazaar gossips, sought to worm my secret from me by refusing to take my order, and described the idea as that of a lunatic.

But I pretended that the design was the invention of a sahib who doubtless had some particular use for this peculiar pattern of vat, and at the same time I hinted that the sahib in question was a *Police-Kaptan.*

These explanations, more especially the last, seemed to remove all his objections, for he said that he had long given up trying to fathom the vagaries of the *sahib-log*, who were mostly mad, though they were, on the whole, satisfactory customers. He therefore undertook the manufacture of the vat without further questionings. In due course it was completed. The next step was to procure a mule to carry the vat, for as you doubtless remember, Sahib, we are not fond of good roads in Tirah, so that a camel would have been useless. It was no easy task, however, to procure a suitable animal, as none of the mule owners whom I interviewed appeared anxious for a trip to the hills. Eventually, however, a Hindoo with a good strong mule was tempted by the high price I

offered. All being ready, I set off with my butter-vat loaded on the mule which the Hindoo led. My brother with a few trusty friends met us at Jamrud. They complimented me upon my butter-vat and considered the plan which I unfolded to them a triumph of military skill. Without further delay we crossed the frontier into Yaghistan. We had now to proceed with the utmost caution, as the success of my plan depended upon my presence in Tirah being kept absolutely secret; for although we have no telegraphs and post-offices, news travels fast amongst the hills, and if Gul Jan got wind of my return the whole scheme would in all probability have been ruined. We therefore travelled by night and during the day hid ourselves in caves, of which, as you know, there are many along the steep *nala* banks. Of course it was impossible to go to my own tower,—the women-folk, whom Allah has gifted with a baneful curiosity and tongues wherewith to feed it, would very soon have lifted the curtain on my secret; so we halted early one morning in a cave about an hour's journey from the tower of Gul Jan. All was in readiness for the final stroke by the afternoon, and shortly before dusk I packed myself into my vat with my carbine, a packet of ammunition, and a coil of rope. My brother then placed a few pounds of butter in the mouth of the vat, in a small compartment which had been made for the purpose, and sealed it up. The vat was then securely roped on to the back of the mule, and the miserable Hindoo, whose extraordinary want of enthusiasm in the adventure wellnigh cost him dear, having been made to rehearse the part he was to play, my brother and his companions set us upon the path to Gul Jan's tower. To travel folded up in a butter-vat upon the back of a mule could hardly at the best of times be recommended as a comfortable method of covering the ground, but to do so when the mule is scrambling along a rough hillside in the dark was an experience I never wish to repeat! However, my mind was so occupied with the dread lest at the last moment the Hindoo's heart would fail him, that I had no thoughts for the discomforts of the journey; but it took days to get rid of the effects of the bumping and jolting to which I was subjected. It was dark when at last we arrived at the gate of the tower. We were promptly challenged by Gul Jan himself. How my fingers itched to unfasten the side of the vat as I heard that voice! The Hindoo, in accordance wth his instructions, described himself as the servant of a dealer who kept a store in a village higher up the valley, and said he was taking a load of butter to his master. Having been overtaken by night and fearing robbery, he begged the protection of the lord of the tower. After some uncomplimentary remarks, in the course of which Hindoo usurers and pigs were mentioned indiscriminately, Gul Jan gave orders to someone within to open the gate. Presently we were admitted, and I felt that the enterprise was succeeding beyond all expectation. The mule was, as I afterwards discovered, led across a courtyard and tethered to a peg at the foot of the tower which formed one of the angles of the square enclosure within which stood the dwellings of Gul Jan and his belongings.

The vat was lifted off in no very ceremonious manner, and I had difficulty in restraining my feelings as it came to the ground with a jerk. However, I consoled myself with the thought that I would shortly be able to pay off all debts, including this last insult.

The clatter of women's voices then rose around me, and I smiled to myself as I thought of the shock the owners would have experienced had they real-

ized what an interested listener they had! As I had expected, the Hindoo was ordered to pay for his lodging by handing over some of his butter. After much argument, in which his hereditary aptitude for haggling stood him (and me) in good stead, the mouth of the vat was opened and the women helped themselves. The moment was the most critical of the whole adventure, and I prayed that the greed of these chattering females would not lead to the necessity of my presenting myself to their unveiled eyes.

The Hindoo did not matter, of course, for, as you know, Sahib, in Tirah we regard the Hindoos whom we permit to live in the country (they are useful in supplying our wants and casting accounts) as women, and make them wear rose-pink trousers to remind them that they are not men. No Pathani would trouble to veil herself in the presence of a Hindoo!

Fortune once more favored me, however, and afforded additional proof—if indeed proof were necessary—of the righteousness of my cause. The women went away satisfied without discovering the shallowness of the butter in the vat, and my driver sealed up the mouth as before.

There was now nothing left for me to do but to wait with what patience I could muster until the household had finished their evening meal and retired to rest. The time dragged heavily, and my limbs ached from the cramped position in which I sat. Gradually, however, the sounds of movement died away, and I began to think of taking action. Allowing a long interval of absolute silence to pass before making a move, I at last unfastened the side of the vat and crept noiselessly forth. There was no moon in the heavens, but, compared with the blackness of the interior of the butter-vat, the night was like noonday, and I experienced no difficulty in finding my bearings. Taking my loaded carbine in my hand, I thrust the coil of rope into my girdle and made straight for the ladder which led to the summit of the tower where I knew Gul Jan was to be found. I mounted quickly, and as my eyes came level with the top of the parapet I saw him whom I sought. With one shot the long feud was ended. I lost no time in fixing my rope to one of the projecting beams of the tower and in descending to the ground. A short run brought me to my own gates, where my brother and his companions, who had been in concealment hard by, met me.

As we entered, a wail went to the sky from the tower of Gul Jan, and we knew that his women-folk had discovered the meaning of that one rifle-shot which had broken the stillness of the night.

Sahib, that is all. But I sometimes wonder what became of the Hindoo. As you know, Sahib, I am no lover of these Kaffars; yet I confess to a feeling not far removed from pity when I think of that mule-driver trying to explain the situation to the women-folk of the dead man!

. . . . . .

The scene is again the parade-ground, with the band, as of yore, bidding a fond farewell to its Arab steed. As we waited for the men to form up I caught sight of Sher Dil; *sed quantum mutatus ab illo!* The man looked ill, old, and forlorn. I called him to me and asked what ailed him. "Sahib," he said in a voice which sounded like the croak of a hill crow, "last night I heard the news. That fool Jullundur, my nephew, has just killed a man of the Kuki Khel. The dead man's male relations would form a double company! I shall want more leave on urgent private affairs!"

Grangatli.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SOCIALIZED MILLIONAIRE.*

"We have come to the parting of the ways. We are about to choose between the socialized millionaire and socialism." So Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, an American writer hardly known in England, but one who ought to be known. For, almost alone among the writers of the New World, he has something which the Old World is always expecting from them, and never finding. He has a faith, and a faith which seems to be original, not a mere rehash of things that have been better felt and said in Europe. Mr. Lee's idea is American through and through. He takes exactly that phenomenon of American civilization which, to a cultivated European, seems most monstrous and barbarous; he admits its monstrosity and its barbarism; and he says "exactly this thing is the most promising thing in America." He takes, that is, the Millionaire, and hails him "as an Archangel in embryo." It is worth while to follow out this romantic idea.

"What is wrong with civilization?" Mr. Lee asks. Philosophers and poets and artists answer, "The machine." "Not at all," Mr. Lee replies: "the machine is wonderful, beautiful, inspiring." He has written a whole book to prove it, "The Voice of the Machines." What is wrong is not the machine, it is men with machine-souls. "When factory work is so arranged that the only habit of mind a man can have in a factory is the habit of not having any mind, the question a machine-civilization is obliged to face is: 'What can be done for a man that is in the habit of not having any mind?'" This is Mr. Lee's problem: "Can men who live in a machine-civilization—a civilization in which men are obliged to earn their money with machines, in which they cannot even spend it without machines—have souls?" His answer is, "Yes, they can—if millionaires get souls." For the millionaire, as he is, Mr. Lee has scant respect. He regards him as an elementary, unintelligent, blundering creature, who is under the illusion that he is there merely to make money. Here is a description of him, and the reader, even though he be English, will probably have little difficulty in filling in the blanks. "What could be more pathetic than Mr. —— as an educator—a man who is educating and mowing down two hundred thousand (?) men a day, ten hours a day, for forty years of their lives; that is, who is separating the souls of his employees from their work, bullying them into being linked with a work and a method they despise, and who is trying to atone for it all—this vast terrible schooling, ten hours a day, forty years, two hundred thousand men's lives—by piecing together professors and dollars, putting up a little playhouse of learning, before the world, to give a few fresh young boys and girls four years with paper books? A man, the very thought of whom has ruined more men, and devastated more faiths, and created more cowards and brutes and fools in all walks of life, than any other influence in the nineteenth century, and who is trying to eke out at last a spoonful of atonement for it all—all this vast baptism of the business world in despair and force and cursing and pessimism—by perching up before it —— University, like a dovecote on a volcano."

So much for the kind of millionaire we have got. From him Mr. Lee turns to the kind which he affirms we are getting, which he vows we shall get. This will be the millionaire-artist. He will not be an altruist; no, he will be selfish, like all artists, only he will

* "Inspired Millionaires." By Gerald Stanley Lee. Mount Tom Press, Northampton, Mass.

"identify his selfishness with other people's." He will not be disinterested; no, he will insist on making money; only he will see that his employees and the public make it too. He will not be moved by his conscience; no, he will be moved by the joy of his work. "The great millionaire when he comes will do good, not by poking dismally around the world, and being on committees, and trying to be self-sacrificing, and trying vaguely to make people happy, but by being happy with some deep happiness himself, and overflowing the world with it." This, it will be observed, is a new version of Carlyle's "Captains of Industry"; but a version peculiarly modern and peculiarly American. It could hardly have proceeded from Europe, with its experience and ideal of public service; it could hardly have proceeded from Australia, with its mistrust of the individual. It could only proceed from a people who are, indeed, in a sense, democratic, but whose democracy is so set upon liberty that it is indifferent to equality. It is thus that Mr. Lee passes over lightly, almost without examination, the problem of the control of the millionaire. He says, in effect, that he won't want controlling; to say that he will is to despair of human nature. The millionaire will just overflow, by the sheer joy of living, into works of universal beneficence; all the time he will be creating men and creating things, like a god, for the delight of creation. Control him, hamper him, tie him up, and you sterilize him at once. You must give him all the wealth and all the power he wants. Yes, you must give him monopoly; and all you give will return a thousand-fold in blessings to the whole society. No change in institutions is wanted. All that is wanted is a change in the hearts of millionaires; the millionaires will then change the hearts of the world.

Now this is a most interesting conception. It is the counter to Socialism, and the only counter. Individualism, as we have it, cannot stand up for a moment against the Socialistic ideal; that is why the writings of men like Mr. Mallock and M. Leroy-Beaulieu, with all their intelligence, are so ineffective; they are still-born, because they have no ideal. But Mr. Lee is an idealist of the extremest type. I grant you, he says, all the meanness, cruelty, and injustice of our individualistic system, and I propose to cure it—by more individualism. Socialists may be tempted to retort by scoffing at Mr. Lee's idealism, by confronting his notion of the millionaire-artist with their notion of the millionaire-brute. But such a retort does not lie in the mouths of Socialists, for they are nothing themselves if not idealists. They, too, conceive human nature working otherwise than it now works. And they must face the question: Is the Society they conceive more desirable and more possible than the Society Mr. Lee conceives?

Mr. Lee regards Socialism as a system under which men of genius would be "managed like automatons by society, or by a machine from the outside." If Socialism means that, and can mean nothing but that, it would not be much of a thing to achieve, though it might be better than what we have got. But why should it mean that? Just here seems to come in the limitation of the American outlook. The Americans have never had good government. Partly they have not had it because they do not believe in it, and partly they do not believe in it because they have not had it. But Europeans, and especially Englishmen, are accustomed to a high and noble type of public official. They have had their Wellingtons, their Gordons, their Lawrences, their Stephens, their Trevelyans. They know that public service and public honor are sufficient motives

to great action; and they do not see why these motives should not be substituted, in the business world, for those other meaner ones that are making such havoc of society. Nor do they see why a man, because he is serving his country, and is paid a salary for doing it, should feel himself to be "managed like an automaton." They believe in the initiative and freedom of public servants. The whole case for Socialism lies here. If that assumption is false, the whole system is impracticable. But if it is true, the system is possible; and if it is possible, it seems to be more desirable than Mr. Lee's system. For Mr. Lee's system, after all, is that of monarchy or aristocracy. It leaves the mass of men dependent for their lives and fortunes on the few, and to these few it gives unlimited power. But if this arrangement is desirable in industry, why is it not also desirable in government? Does Mr. Lee, who repudiates social democracy, believe in political democracy? and if so, why? Is he so American in his individualism that he has ceased to be American in his democracy? And if so, of how many Americans is he typical? It would be interesting to know.

But there is another point. It is in the name, not of equality, but of opportunity, that Mr. Lee preaches his gospel. And on the point of opportunity he omits to discuss two questions which are fundamental between him and Socialism. First, is the millionaire to be allowed absolute ownership of land? Mr. Lee, no doubt, would answer in the affirmative, for he insists that his millionaire must be a monopolist. Indeed, unless he be a monopolist, he will hardly be a millionaire. But then, from the point of view of equal opportunity, by what right does the millionaire monopolize land? By that of superior ability? But the ownership of land presumes no superior ability. Anyone can own it who inherits it, or has the money to buy it; and he can then do nothing with it except take toll of society. Again, is the monopolist to be allowed to bequeath his wealth where he will? Then by what right, from Mr. Lee's point of view, does the son and successor, who may be a fool or a knave, become a millionaire? These two points—the ownership of land and the inheritance of wealth—are cardinal points in the discussion. The justification of Mr. Lee's millionaire is that he is a millionaire by genius. But as long as the private ownership of land and the private inheritance of wealth are possible, so long there will always be millionaires, not by genius, but by luck. Mr. Lee's ideal, in a word, is unsatisfactory, not because it is an ideal, but because it is an ideal inconsistent with itself. It purports to put the control of the world into the hands of men of genius, but it perpetuates an institution which may throw the control into the hands of fools and knaves. Is Mr. Lee prepared to modify or abrogate these institutions? If so, he has gone a long way towards the Socialism he repudiates. Meantime, all Socialists ought to read his book. For they, too, will need, in their community, the artist in industry; and they must consider whether they can get him without permitting him to be a millionaire.

G. Lowes Dickinson.

The Nation.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

"There are genuine Men of Letters," said a great and fearless philosopher, "and not genuine; as in every kind there is a genuine and a spurious." If we quote a line or two farther, there need be no mistake as to the identity of him whose dictum we reproduce. "If Hero be taken to mean genuine, then I say the Hero as Man of Letters will be found discharging a function for us which is ever honorable, ever the highest. He is uttering forth, in such a way as he has, the inspired soul of him." And the sage proceeds to defend his use of the word "inspired," taking inspiration to be a commingling of originality, sincerity, and genius. How many of those we somewhat lightly term "men of letters" to-day can boast a place in the glorious company of Heroes, judged by that standard?

Fortunately, however, we need be bound by no philosopher's arbitrary measuring-rule. Whether he be hero or not, the combination of originality and sincerity—we speak at present only of the literary craftsman—is sufficient to ensure a man an estimable place in the arraignment by which he must finally stand or fall—that of the hearts of his readers; sincerity alone may do this, but insincere originality fizzles to extinction like a damp rocket. We can all recall instances of this. And now we will note in what manner these introductory remarks apply to the art of Mr. James Lane Allen.

It would be difficult to find an author whose writings bear fewer traces of affectation than those of Mr. Allen. To have to pick one's way across a moraine of superfluous mannerisms before climbing to the little peaks of thought whereon the sun shines brightly is sometimes to spoil tempers gratuitously; it detracts sadly from the value of a view to arrive angry and sore-footed, and the *detritus* afforded by the workings of genius is often surprisingly lacking in precious metal. But Mr. Allen's peaks are easily accessible—which is by no means to say that they are of insignificant height or of small importance. The very first impression gained by any discriminating reader of his books, we imagine, would be one of dignity and purity in the language—long before any thread of plot or even narrative had begun to unravel; a sudden sense of tranquil distinction and lucidity. And, if we illustrate this immediately by quoting the actual opening sentences of a book which we should like every student of fiction to read as a portion of his or her education—"The Mettle of the Pasture"—we beg such students as shall see this article to observe how striking an effect can be obtained by absolute simplicity:

> She did not wish any supper, and she sank forgetfully back into the stately oak chair. One of her hands lay palm upward on her white lap; in the other, which drooped over the arm of the chair, she clasped a young rose dark red amid its leaves—an inverted torch of love. . . .
>
> A few bars of dusty gold hung poised across the darkening spaces of the supper room. Ripples of the evening air entering through the windows flowed over her, lifting the thick curling locks at the nape of her neck, creeping forward over her shoulders and passing along her round arms under the thin fabric of her sleeves.
>
> They aroused her, these vanishing beams of the day, these arriving breezes of the night; they became secret invitations to escape from the house into the privacy of the garden, where she could be alone with thoughts of her great happiness now fast approaching.

As she strolled around the garden under the cloudy flush of the evening sky, dressed in white, a shawl of white lace over one arm, a rose on her breast, she had the exquisiteness of a long past, during which women have been chosen in marriage for health and beauty and children and the power to charm.

Here are words perfectly simple, but perfectly selected—mated to the beauty and bloom of the young girl awaiting her lover in the summer twilight, thrilling silently to the mere anticipation of his footfall. The whole book is a study in gentle harmonies.

Mr. Allen is known chiefly by his three long novels, "The Choir Invisible," "The Increasing Purpose," and the one mentioned above; and of these it is perplexing to give cogent reasons for placing any one first in quality. They go together, forming a triptych, and if we set "The Choir Invisible" forward as his best book, as well as the one most widely read, we are directly conscious that the other two contain work quite as fine, quite as delicate. Perhaps the title of that volume has had something to do with its more extensive acceptance—Mr. Allen is happier in his choice of titles than most authors. It maintains, we think, the high level of limpid prose slightly less consistently than the others, but the story itself is of surpassing interest. Every standard author has some book or another with which a beginning is best made for those desirous of becoming acquainted with him; no one, for example, would advantageously commence to read Mr. Meredith with "Vittoria," or Mr. Henry James with "The Sacred Fount." If we choose "The Choir Invisible" as a representative work of our author, it is because we have been astonished to find among well-read people, whose opinion is worth the greatest consideration, many to whom Mr. Allen is hardly known even by name.

The picture of Amy Falconer, the vain little flirt, in the opening chapter, is limned with a sure and steady hand. On the back of the old white bob-tail horse, ambling drowsily along the wagon-track, she comes into the reader's view with startling clearness, and passes across the champaign from her aunt's farm:

On she rode down the avenue of the primeval woods; and Nature seemed arranged to salute her as some imperial presence; with the waving of a hundred green boughs above and on each side; with the flash and rush of bright wings; with the swift play of nimble forms up and down the boles of trees; and all the sweet confusion of innumerable melodies.

Then happens "one of those trifles that contain the history of our lives, as a drop of dew draws into itself the majesty and solemnity of the heavens." The bundle with which the horse is laden—her ball-dress and its accessories—falls to the ground as the animal slips on a rough root:

She did not see it. She indignantly gathered the reins more tightly in one hand, pushed back her bonnet, and applied her little switch of wild cherry to the horse's flank with such vehemence that a fly which was about to alight on that spot went to the other side. The old horse himself—he bore the peaceable name of William Penn—merely gave one of the comforting switches of his bob-tail with which he brushed away the thought of any small annoyance, and stopped a moment to nibble at the wayside cane mixed with purple-blossoming pea-vine. Out of the lengthening shadows of the woods the girl and the horse passed on toward the little town; and far behind them in the public road lay the lost bundle.

Of the finding of that innocent-looking bundle by John Gray, the schoolmaster, and the quietly tragic consequences which ensue, the following

chapters tell. Gray, unaware that the owner was the girl he loved—or thought he loved—unties it and lies awake to watch the shimmer of a woman's fascinating attire in his lonely bachelor's lodging, a willing subject for all the thrills of love's anticipations; in a little while, he thinks, such things will be in his room by full right of wifehood. The sympathetic suggestion of the man's waking dream is wholly charming. The girl throws him over, and soon after he is wounded by a terrible fight with a cougar, the tiger of Kentucky. In his illness Mrs. Falconer, Amy's young aunt, wedded to an uncomprehending husband, visits him, bringing him Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" to read. The contrast between the two women is finely drawn:

The one was nineteen—the tulip, with spring-like charm, but perfectly hollow, and ready to be filled by east wind or west wind, north wind or south wind, according as each blew last and hardest; the other thirty-six—the rose—in its midsummer splendor with fold on fold of delicate symmetric structures, making a masterpiece.

To his shame, Gray, the purest-minded of men, almost an ascetic, finds that his heart has gone out to the rose in overwhelming passion. The scene where, during his convalescence, he takes the book back to Mrs. Falconer, and they discover that love has walked softly with them all the time, is admirable in its restraint:

"And haven't you a word? Bring this book back to me in silence? After all I said to you? I want to know how you feel about it—all your thoughts."

She looked up at him with a reproachful smile.

The blood had rushed guiltily into his face, and she seeing this, without knowing what it meant, the blood rushed into hers.

"I don't understand," she said proudly and coldly, dropping her eyes and dropping her head a little forward before him, and soon becoming very pale, as from a death-wound.

He stood before her, trembling, trying to speak, trying not to speak. Then he turned and strode rapidly away.

Thus the sombre note begins to sound more deeply in these unsullied lives—these two for whom the height of happiness is to be the misty hill of renunciation, never the bright mountains of consummated love. The whole story is of two souls tried as by fire, passing through the ordeal honorably, but not unscathed. When Major Falconer dies, Gray, in a distant city, has married a woman frankly for companionship, and out of a mistaken gratitude for her help and that of her family in a period of distress, she electing to take the risk, knowing that his love was elsewhere. The story closes with the visit of Gray's eldest son to the solitary widow, bearing a letter from the man who has loved her, whom she has loved and waited for, fruitlessly and faultlessly, for many shadowed years. "If I have kept unbroken faith with any of my ideals," he writes, "thank you and thank God!"

In his self-confident youth, before love had revealed itself, Gray had declaimed to Mrs. Falconer his presumptuous creed:

"I declare to you at this moment, standing here in the clear light of my own past, that I firmly believe I shall be what I will, that I shall have what I want, and that I shall now go on rearing the structure of my life to the last detail, just as I have long planned it."

Later on, tenderly and truly, the woman won him to see how easily such a basis could be overset and rendered useless. Her quiet conversations with

him during his illness are full of wisdom—we can almost hear her grave voice chiding, so beautifully is her character drawn. "First of all things in this world," she says, "a man must be a man—with all the grace and vigor, and, if possible, all the beauty of the body. Then he must be a gentleman, with all the grace, the vigor, the good taste of the mind. And then with both of these—no matter what his creed, his dogmas, his superstitions, his religion—with both of these he must try to live a beautiful life of the spirit." No one who has suffered can read this book unmoved; and to those for whom life moves in pleasant places it is far more than a romance; it is an exposition of how the harsh, irrevocable facts of existence may be bravely fronted and to some extent foiled, in spite of inevitable scars.

It must not be thought—we say this for the benefit of those to whom Mr. Allen's chosen land of Kentucky is untravelled ground—that there is a total absence of humor in these treasurable volumes. They all concern themselves with the sadder side of life, its disappointments and subtle trials; but this selection of the gray tones rather than the high lights never, even in a single instance, makes for "heavy" reading. We may allow ourselves to take one laughable interlude from the book which we have already quoted from somewhat lengthily—the dialogue between the Episcopal parson and John Gray, at the latter's bedside:

"Suppose we do this; we'll begin to enumerate the qualities of the common house cat. I'll think of a cat, you think of some woman; and we'll see what we come to." (The parson was a woman-hater.)

"I'll not do it," said John. "She's too noble."

"Just for fun!"

"There's no fun in comparing a woman to a cat."

"There is if she doesn't know it. Come, begin!" And the parson laid one long forefinger on one long little finger and waited for the first specification.

"Fineness," said John, thinking of a certain woman.

"Fondness for a nap," said the parson, thinking of a certain cat.

"Grace," said John.

"Inability to express thanks," said the parson.

"A beautiful form," said John.

"A desire to be stroked," said the parson.

"Sympathy," said John.

"Oh, no!" said the parson; "no cat has any sympathy. A dog has; a man is more of a dog."

"Noblemindedness," said John.

"That will not do either," said the parson. "Cats are not nobleminded; it's preposterous!"

"Perfect ease of manner," said John.

"Perfect indifference of manner," said the parson.

"No vanity," said John.

"No sense of humor," said the parson.

"Plenty of wit," said John.

"You keep on thinking too much about some woman," remonstrated the parson, slightly exasperated.

"Fastidiousness," said John.

"Soft hands and beautiful nails," said the parson, nodding encouragingly.

"A gentle footstep," said John, with a softened look coming into his eyes. "A quiet presence."

"A quiet pounce on you unawares," said the parson.

"Beautiful taste in music," said John.

"Oh! dreadful!" said the parson. "What on earth are you thinking about?"

"The love of rugs and cushions," said John, groping desperately.

"The love of a nap," said the parson fluently.

"The love of playing with its victim," said John, thinking of another woman.

"Capital!" cried the parson. "That's the truest thing we've said. We'll not spoil it by another word."

This same Rev. James Moore, who plays the flute to his friend so charm-

ingly—it is a token of the extent of his friendship—is one of Mr. Allen's finest secondary characters.

In two distinct ways the work of Mr. Allen may be said to resemble that of Mr. Thomas Hardy—with reservations in each case. Firstly, there is a broad similarity in that the books of both tend to enlarge upon the darker aspects of life; but—and here is the flash of division—the grim aloofness of the exponent of "Wessex" is totally absent from the American author. Through the Kentucky stories shines always a ray of hope, an invincible optimism; gentleness and a strong sympathy, a superb intimacy with those banished from their Edens, take the sting from fate. Mr. Hardy hears the scornful laughter of the "President of the Immortals" who had "ended his sport with Tess"; Mr. Allen would have glimpsed a hand outstretched to save.

Secondly, both authors possess that rare power of including nature as an integral portion of their stories; and here, again, Mr. Allen has the precision of Mr. Hardy without his frequent austerity. Sun, wind, rain, moonlight and mist, and all the thousand aspects of trees, earth and sky, take their place quite apart from what is generically known as "description," but with Mr. Allen's work we lose that apprehension of some sinister influence lurking behind them which so often oppresses us in reading the Wessex novels. Nature lightens the progress of events; she wears a kindlier face for her children; love, and not fear, is the dominating theme.

There is a third resemblance to which we may just allude; both writers have brought before the public a certain country within whose bounds nearly all their characters live and move; through one we have learnt of the vales and uplands of our own Southern England, the other has pictured for us the enchantment of his loved "Blue-grass region" so far across the ocean. And in this respect both have achieved unrivalled success.

The sincerity which we emphasized at the beginning of this article is no less obvious in "The Mettle of the Pasture" and "The Increasing Purpose." Perfect in their own way are each of these books. No one who has read the latter will easily forget the story of the hemp in the first chapter; it is an epic of Kentucky. The study here given of David, the young farmer, obsessed by his desire for an extended knowledge of the Bible, and his heart-breaking discovery that more light in the shape of a college training meant the growth of many rank weeds of doubt in his soul, is an absorbing one. He works out his own salvation, and after all his saving and scraping to obtain the necessary money for his education, is expelled by reason of his frankly-expressed antagonism to the opinions of his teachers. Love does not enter into this story until nearly half of it is told. The image of the woman creeps into the young man's thoughts as he sits reading alone in his room at the old farm:

> He closed the pages and turned to his dying fire. The book caused him to wrestle; he wanted rest. And now, floating to him through that mist in his brain, as softly as a nearing melody, as radiantly as dawning light, came the image of Gabriella; after David had pursued Knowledge awhile he was ready for Love. . . . In all his rude existence she was the only being he had ever known who seemed to him worthy of a place in the company of his great books. . . . Her companionship wherever he might be—to have just that; to feel that she was always with him, and always one with him; to be able to turn his eyes to hers before some vanishing firelight at an hour like this, with deep rest near them side by side!

The ending of their love-story is happy, yet with that tinge of sadness

which seems inseparable from all Mr. Allen's conclusions; the woman realizes that even in the hour of her triumph the man's soul will never be entirely hers—always he will be searching, searching for the Truth as it is not in books nor colleges nor the wisdom of man:

> She would give him her all, she never could be all to him. Her life would be enfolded completely; but he would hold out his arms also toward a cold spirit who would for ever elude him—Wisdom.
>
> The golden crescent dropped behind the dark green hills of the silent land. Where were they? Gone? Or still under the trees?
>
> 'Ah, Gabriella, it is love that makes a man believe in a God of Love!"
>
> "David, David!"
>
> The south wind, warm with the first thrill of summer, blew from across the valley, from across the mighty rushing sea of the young hemp.
>
> O Mystery Immortal! which is in the hemp and in our souls, in its bloom and in our passions; by which our poor brief lives are led upward out of the earth for a season, then cut down, rotted and broken—for Thy long service!

"The Mettle of the Pasture," the introductory paragraphs of which we have already quoted, is Mr. Allen's most ambitious work as far as plot is concerned; but we must pass this over, to consider in conclusion one little volume which is as full of charm as anything he has penned; we refer to "Aftermath." It forms a sequel to "A Kentucky Cardinal," but is quite complete enough in itself to be read alone. Light in treatment at times almost to airiness, brief, with a theme so slender that it cannot be termed a plot, we can yet find in it the art of the author at its best. It deals merely with a garden-courtship, a marriage, and the interruption of the harmony by the death of the woman; but the sacredness of a great passion, and the impression of love's persistence in spite of that earthly parting, are conveyed in a little idyll which we should be sorry for our readers to miss. Humor plays through it like the flicker of a flame, never long present, never far off. Georgiana, the man's choice, is portrayed in a hundred indirect ways.

> Georgiana does not play upon the pianoforte, or, as Mrs. Walters would declare, she does not perform upon the instrument. Sylvia does; she performs, she executes. There are times when she will execute a piece called "The Last Hope" until the neighbors are filled with despair and ready to stretch their heads on the block to any more merciful executioner. Nor does Georgiana sing to company in the parlor. . . . I have never known her to sing except at her sewing and alone, as the way of women often is. . . . The overheard rill of Georgiana's voice issues from inner depths of being that no human soul has ever visited, or perhaps ever will visit. What would I not give to thread my way, hidden and alone, to that far region of uncaptured loveliness?
>
> Of late some of the overheard lullabies have touched me inexpressibly. They beat upon my ear like the musical reverberations of future motherhood—they betoken in Georgiana's maidenhood the dreaming unrest of the maternal.

Full of gaiety are these lovers. They have an old goldfinch's nest, stuck on a pole, whereby notes are passed to and fro. At the inauguration of this system of mail-carrying Georgiana was rather surprised with the weird appearance at her window:

> The nest swayed on a level with her nose. "What is it?" she cried, drawing back with extreme distaste.
>
> "It's a note from me, Georgiana! This is going to be our little private post-office!" Georgiana sank back into her chair. She reappeared with the

flush of apple-blossoms and her lashes wet with tears of laughter. But I do not think she looked at me unkindly. "Our little private post-office," I persisted, confidingly.

"How many more little private things are we going to have?" she enquired plaintively.

"I can't wait here for ever," I said. "This is growing weather; I might sprout."

Deeper and deeper becomes their love after the wedding:

It is nearly dark when I reach home from town these January evenings. However the cold may sting the face and dart inward to the marrow Georgiana is waiting at the yard gate to meet me, so hooded and shawled and ringed about with petticoats—like a tree within its layers of bark—that she looks like the most thick-set of ordinary-sized women; for there is a heavenly but very human secret hiding in this household now, and she is thoughtfully keeping it. We press our half-frozen cheeks together, as red as wine-sap apples, and grope for each other's hands through our big lamb's-wool mittens, and warm our hearts with the laughter in each other's eyes.

And then the "heavenly but very human secret" comes down to earth:

The population of this town yesterday was seven thousand nine hundred and twenty; to-day it is seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-*one*. The inhabitants of the globe are enriched by the same stupendous unit; the solar system must adjust itself to new laws of equilibrium; the choir of angels is sweetened by the advent of another musician.

Lastly, comes the great Interloper, to leave the man brooding over the mystery:

Yesterday a wind storm swept this neighborhood. Later, deep in the woods, I came upon an elm that had been struck by a bolt at the top. As I stood looking at it the single note of a bird fell on my ear—always the same note, low, quiet, regular, devoid of feeling, as though the bird had been stunned and were trying to say: *What can I do? What can I do?* I knew what that note meant. . . . I do not think of Death as ever having come to you. I think of you as some strangely beautiful white being that one day rose out of these earthly marshes where hunts the dark Fowler, and uttering your note of divine farewell, spread your wings towards the open sea of eternity, there to await my coming.

The chief beauty of the book lies in its perfect naturalness and simplicity, and, with its predecessor, it forms one of the most delicate little romances its author has ever written.

Mr. Allen's faults are few. One, common to every writer, is the occasional oversight, such as the use of the word "switch" twice in quick succession, with different meanings, in the third of our quotations—the slip to which the most practised literary man is liable; the other is a tendency to sentimentalize at times over his heroines—the inherent danger of his style. Carried but a trifle farther, this too-sympathetic touch would degenerate into effeminacy, but that undesirable attribute cannot as yet be laid to Mr. Allen's charge—he invariably saves himself well within the mark by some turn of phrase, some humorous comment, some happy little strengthening sternness which brings to the front that innate sincerity and spirituality which is the keynote of all. We think that Mr. Allen's position in the world of literature can be best expressed by saying that he occupies a corresponding place to that which we had hoped, some years ago, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne would eventually reach. Irrespective of the scenes among which his novels are planned, which are not germane to the literary effect, he possesses exactly that daintiness of prose which prom-

ised well in Mr. Le Gallienne, rendered, however, permanent and homogeneous by a virility and a purpose for which we may search the work of the latter author in vain. Mr. Le Gallienne has remained in his artificial-flower garden where very young poets wander arm in arm with fanciful golden girls beneath opalescent skies—which is just the inevitable and tragic outcome of the cult of daintiness. Mr. Allen's lovers roam amid real flowers, and are strong, sensible, ordinary beings.

Never once in any of his books is there the faintest indication of bad taste, or any touch of the erotic, in spite of the very human passion which he often portrays. The purveyors of fiction that tries to be desperately wicked and frequently succeeds only in being ridiculous had better read "Aftermath," if only to get it burnt into them what love really is. No man could know the tiny book without having some grain of impurity removed, some little desire for true beauty of spirit driven to a deeper hold upon him, and the same statement, we think, can be made irrefutably of all Mr. Allen's romances. No greater praise could possibly be given to an author when such gifts of influence over feeling and motive are aided by an almost impeccable grace, and we look to Mr. Allen as one whose pen will yet, we hope for many years, do indomitable service in one of the finest causes in the world—true literary style and true purity of thought. Such service was never more needed than it is to-day.

The Academy.

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.

The learned M. Pierre Bayle, in discussing that interesting work, "Scaligeriana," very wisely reproves the foolish admiration which the public displays for the great men who take hold upon its fancy. He compares this infatuation with the respect which is shown in the Roman Church for the hair and nails of the saints, and for little rags of their clothing. This reproof came to our mind when we read of the indiscreet pilgrimages which the faithful made some time since to Bouige, to Woodbridge, and to Ipswich at the centenary of FitzGerald. The saints are dead, at least in England, and the devout persons who once upon a time would have gathered their trivial relics have transferred their devotion to dead and blameless men of letters. They choose their idols without sense or reason, and they pay these idols honor in so strange a spirit of perversity that you cannot but regret the passing of an old superstition. There was a sort of sincerity in the patient worship of mysterious bones. There is none in the obsequious gossip concerning dead poets which these newest worshippers mumble about their shrines.

However, it is the season of pilgrimages, and a motley throng has been paying reverence to Edward FitzGerald. Why it chose this distinguished recluse as the victim of its zeal will always remain a profound secret. While he lived, he did nothing to encourage a useless curiosity. He wrote his works, and read his books, and cherished his friendships very far from Fleet Street. No man of his time baulked more successfully the hideous demon of publicity, which threatens to bewitch us all. Of the professed and professional man of letters he had no love. The most of his friends were the friends of his youth, and he remained faithful to them, even when he

did not approve of their poetry or their prose. He did not believe that the proper road to fame lay through the daily press. It was his aim in writing to satisfy his own high standard of excellence and to give pleasure to his friends. The modern apparatus of eavesdropping and patronage, which does duty for criticism, would have appalled him, and he died, poor man, in happy ignorance of the awful conspiracy which was presently made about his bones. But even if he had been able to protest, his protest would have fallen upon deaf ears. His admirers do not pay this reverence to please him, but to please themselves. "We ought not to be bound by the dead hand," they argue, "to suppress our natural inclination of doing honor to the dead hero." We should have thought that the only way to pay honor to a dead hero was to consult his wishes. But the dead hand has been uplifted, and uplifted in vain. Not even the reticent temper of the hero will prevail against "our natural inclination." We know how deeply he would have resented our intrusion, these good people say in effect, we know how bitterly he would have hated the chatter of our praise. But it is our pleasure to intrude and chatter, and we decline to be suppressed. What can be said in answer to this frank confession, except that some men cultivate strange, impossible pleasures?

And as the quiet dignity of FitzGerald's life should have silenced this irrelevant adulation, so the choice of him as an idol cannot have been made on merely literary grounds. Not even his most sanguine worshippers could pretend that he holds the first place among the writers of his age. There are many others, we should have thought, who would more readily have tempted the devotional zeal of the pilgrims, and some others, perhaps, whose dead hand would not have been raised so sternly in reproach. Nor are the doctrines of Omar, as expressed in FitzGerald's version, the doctrines of the highly respectable gentlemen who do them this public honor. If a member of the Omar Khayyám Club put into practice the wholesome theories of the master he would instantly be asked to resign. From which it is evident that the pilgrims are not merely indiscreet, but heretical.

However, in the full consciousness of their heresy and indiscretion, the pilgrims travelled down into Suffolk. They lunched at Woodbridge and they dined at Ipswich, and they said many amiable things about FitzGerald and, we are sure, about one another. But it was Mr. Birrell who, with the just irony which pitifully deserts him when he puts a careless hand on politics, found the speech fit for the occasion. "He had spent part of the afternoon," he said, "at the Crown Inn, Woodbridge, eating bread and cheese and drinking fine old Colchester ale in the most pleasant and agreeable way. He had the most delightful company, for there was not only Mr. Cobbold in the room, but a most excellent man who had come all the way from Southend on a motor-bicycle, and had never heard of Edward FitzGerald. Mr. Cobbold suggested to that excellent man on the bicycle that they were in Woodbridge to pay homage to Edward FitzGerald. The motor-cyclist not only professed profound indifference, but did not even ask who he was. His society, however, was most excellent and stimulating; and he could not help thinking that FitzGerald would far sooner have met that motor-cyclist than any one of those gathered there that night." That is perfectly true, and FitzGerald would have been right in his preference. The motor-cyclist, no doubt, could discourse on many pertinent topics. He could have told the poet, had he perchance come across him, the state of the roads,

and the changing quality of the ale. With a mind untinged with letters, he might have revealed his simple nature and shown his interlocutor what manner of man it is that is content to run up and down the country sitting on a petroleum-tin. But had Fitz-Gerald met his worshippers, there would have been a sudden and headlong flight. Even his ghost must recoil in horror from the spectacle of those whom in his life he had most sedulously avoided. And Mr. Birrell, having been inveigled into this strange society, could do no less than admit that the homage he and his colleagues were paying would not have been wholly acceptable to the object of their adoration.

Mr. Birrell's modesty, however, was by no means to the taste of Mr. Gosse, who, at another religious service held by the devout on their return to London, reproved the Irish Secretary's levity after his own pompous fashion. For him the motor-cyclist "represented a tendency indulged in by such men of letters as were ashamed of literature, and took it only as a recreation." That is not what he represented to Mr. Birrell, and not what he represents to us. The true craftsman is not ashamed of his work; he knows that it is too exacting to be taken as a recreation. But, for these very reasons, he does not want to gabble of it to all and sundry. He will not admit to his presence those well-meaning fanatics who ask him what are "his methods of work," and whether he writes more easily on a full or empty stomach. Such questions as these the motor-cyclist would be incapable of putting. There is not one of the devout who could be trusted to approach the master without some flattering indiscretion. Moreover, no sensible writer ever forgets that he is a man also, and that other things than the accident of his own profession are interesting to him. If we meet a stockbroker or a barrister, we do not instantly fall to discussing stocks and shares or the intricacies of the law. But men of letters are deemed the proper prey of the curious, and in self-defence they have a perfect right to prefer the society of those who can talk some other "shop" than theirs. Now, FitzGerald was a writer by temperament and habit alike. Yet it was not for his poems that he loved Alfred Tennyson, who in his opinion was falling rapidly from grace. It was not for his prose that he called Carlyle his friend, for it represented in his eyes all that was vicious in the English language. He knew these men, and sometimes sought their society because he admired their character and their pride. Best of all, he rarely, if ever, chattered of his own performances. You may read his letters through without realizing very clearly that he had given his enemies a firm hold upon him by writing a book. He did his work; it was for others to tell the tale.

No better example can be found of the author's pride than in Congreve's famous encounter with Voltaire. Voltaire visited the English dramatist when he was old and on the point of death, and Congreve spoke of his plays as trifles beneath him, wishing to be considered as nothing more than a gentleman who lived very simply. Voltaire replied that, had Congreve had the misfortune of being a mere gentleman like another, he would not have come to see him. Dr. Johnson finds in Congreve's behavior not merely despicable foppery but a base ingratitude to the Muses. The text of Voltaire does not warrant so harsh a judgment, and Lamb took another and a saner view than Johnson's. "I think the impertinent Frenchman was properly answered," said he; "I should just serve any member of the French Institute in the same manner, that wished to be introduced to me."

This story, in fact, may be diversely

interpreted. In Voltaire Congreve met one who was at least his equal, and though he had a perfect right to dissociate himself from his plays, he might perhaps have acted the author's part for this one occasion, and still kept his sense of humor. But the pursuer is very seldom the equal of the pursued, and for this reason he should be most jealously suspected. To all those who stole in upon his privacy Guy de Maupassant had but one answer. "Don't talk to me of literature," he would say; "I know nothing about it. Ask me about boats, which I understand." Thus spoke he to the Paul Prys. It was not thus that he spoke when he met his friends at Médan. And the reproof thus sternly administered by Guy de Maupassant is far more often earned now than then. The common interest in literature, displayed in pilgrimages and paragraphs, is an interest of gossip, when it is not inspired by a love of self-advertisement. The poets' works do not assuage the thirsty curiosity of the vulgar. The vulgar wishes to know where the great live and to see blurred photographs of them and their houses in the pictured papers. The vulgar likes to share its interest with its fellows. It cannot study or admire in solitude. It has not the courage to read what books it likes, without putting a foolish badge in its buttonhole. And so it pledges itself to an open worship of this or that author with all the zeal of a cultured suburb preparing itself for a penny-reading. It must be more royalist than the king. It must exceed in devotion its momentary deity. FitzGerald was never an Omarian. There is not one man who attended the poet's belated obsequies who is ashamed of fixing upon himself this inappropriate title. Poshite, indeed, would be a better name for the most of them and perhaps with increasing candor they may thus describe themselves. But to-day they are Omarians to a man, and Omarians they will remain until Posh intervenes or fashion shifts, and they find another shrine.

And this habit of the literary tea-garden should be the more sternly discountenanced because the old custom of reticence is gone. No sooner does an eminent man die than his admirers are eager to uncover the secrecies of his life. The body-snatcher is abroad, intent upon driving a lucrative trade in the dead man's bones when he has rifled the dead man's grave. His practice is familiar and uniform. In the guise of a friend he watches the declining years of the great man whom he has chosen for his prey. He obeys his commands with the alacrity of a slave. He accepts his kicks, should they be offered, with a patient shrug, and knows that his forbearance will be amply repaid by the gossip already transferred to his note-book. And in this welter of indiscretion literature is forgotten. Why should you read a man's works when you can read scandalous imbecilities about him? Why should you exercise your own taste when it is easier to take the taste of the crowd? Why, why, indeed, should you do anything but go on pilgrimages and think yourself far better than those who journeyed to Canterbury many centuries ago? And yet Chaucer chose his pilgrims with such care that he left no corner of English life and character without illumination. How dull would their stories have been had they all been editors of weekly reviews and literary paragraphists!

The modern amateur of literature, in fact, refuses to believe in the existence of any poet whose "home-life," as he calls it, he has failed to penetrate. We know more of Shakespeare than of any man that ever lived, because he has most generously revealed himself to us. But the curious investigator finds something lacking. He cannot discover that Shakespeare had a Posh. The eaves-

droppings of interested friends, the gossip of the Press, have failed to belittle the author of "Hamlet" in his eyes. And therefore he is convinced that Shakespeare never lived at all, and that somebody else wrote his plays. If he could read those plays with intelligence, he might come to a wiser conclusion. Did he reflect that, though a poet may understand law, no lawyer was ever a poet; did he accept the teaching of history that genius flourishes as and where it lists, he might discover that Shakespeare was a very real person. And if he must have evidence from without, the panegyrics of Ben Jonson, in prose and verse, should be enough to reassure him. But, no! He looks about for Posh, and finding him not, declares that Shakespeare is an impostor. We are sorry for this poor investigator, and would recommend him to renounce Shakespeare and all his works and join the Omar Khayyâm Club. For there he will hear reiterated with various eloquence that publicity is the only thing that counts, and that literature is *Posh et prætera nihil.*

Blackwood's Magazine.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

The death of Mr. Meredith is a great bereavement to the English race. Perhaps it is a bereavement without regrets, for his work was done, and we could hope for little more from that bountiful treasury. But none the less it alters the whole aspect of our modern world. The woods remain, but there are no longer any tall trees raising crests above their brethren. The mere presence among us of one so great, the sight of an old age so worthy and so youthful, was an inspiration to his contemporaries. Mr. Meredith was issuing poetry while Wordsworth was still writing, and his career as a novelist began before George Eliot's. His life takes us back into mid-Victorian times, but he was so essentially a man of his day that we could never regard him as a survival. "I have always hoped," he once said, "I should not grow old as some do, with a palsied intellect, living backwards." For him the communications with the future were always open. In his own phrase, he kept "the young generations in hail," and their knocking at the door had no terrors for him. To the last he was in the thick of things, full of the zest of life, eagerly appreciative of every new man and new movement. To the youngest among us he was always the apostle of hope and courage, the most modern of the moderns, and yet a classic. Such an old age comes to few, but it is the appropriate one for a great man,—a summer of work, and then a mellow autumn which shows the ebbing of physical force, but no decline in spiritual power. Leaving his books out of account, that is surely a great achievement.

When he died he was probably the greatest writer of fiction in the world. This is not the place to attempt a critical estimate of Mr. Meredith's ultimate place in literature. On that question the wits of the critics will be exercised for many generations. But it is certain that his must rank among the greatest names in nineteenth-century literature, and as a creator of men and women, a spectator of life with a Shakespearean insight and catholicity, he has had few equals since Scott. His genius wrought in many forms, and many reputations could have been shaped out of his incidental work; but it is as a novelist that he must have highest rank. People quarrel about the true nature of fiction, but the practice

of the masters is always the same. Mr. Meredith took a large fragment of life in all its detail and variety, and set it before his readers so that none dare question its truth. Like Shakespeare, he does not take sides and preach a partial dogma; he has no prejudices in his art, and is as fair to woman as to man, to the wise as to the foolish. His business is not to judge, but to portray. But he never fell into the blunder of those who think that a mass of undigested and unselected detail is fiction. The shaping spirit of imagination is always at work in him, and he models his materials according to the canons of art. He sees the necessity of the dramatic moment, when the characters in a single crisis of destiny stand revealed in their essential truth, and the mind of the reader is held and elevated as by great poetry. It is all one if this moment is romance, or comedy, or tragedy. In the meeting of Lucy Desborough and Richard Feverel by the river and in the exquisite love-making of Evan Harrington we have that old idyll of youth and spring told as it has scarcely been told since *Romeo and Juliet*. When Sir Lukin Dunstane walks in the pine-wood while his wife is in the surgeon's hands; when Percy Dacier, fleeing from Diana, proposes to Constance Asper; when Letitia Dale refuses Sir Willoughby,—in these and a score of other scenes we have the human comedy raised to its most significant and dramatic moment. The ironies of life have never been handled so surely or so sanely. If the key be tragedy, we are moved as if some bright and noble thing had gone out of the world. Few can read the blotted sentences of Clare's diary or the death of Beauchamp without tears. However we may define the art of fiction, here we have it beyond cavil,—as surely as when Rawdon Crawley trounces Lord Steyne, or when Caleb Balderstone picks up the plume from the cap of his dead master. Mr. Meredith faced the hardest of the novelist's tasks, for the conditions he deals with are often those of a conventional society, where the humanity is hidden and drama seems far from the cushioned and modish life. But by this true artist in comedy the difficulty of the medium is used to heighten the effect, and at the crisis the shivering human souls emerge from their coverings in a nakedness all the more dramatic from its contrast with their sheltered past. All modes of life pay toll to his genius, and to his catholicity nothing is common or unclean. No writer has ever done better justice to the average man. He looks not to the outside, but to the soul, and his true knights-errant are plain people like Tom Redworth and Vernon Whitford. Hence we may take his novels as the classic portrait-gallery of Englishmen. He loves English traits, and rejoices even in their limitations. It is the romance of fact he seeks, and greatly daring, he will make his heroes out of tailors' sons and schoolmasters and prosperous business men. John Bull is no butt for his wit, but a kindly, blundering giant, with tremendous purpose in him and a vast deal of unspoken poetry. Which brings us to a quality that Mr. Meredith shares with Chaucer and Shakespeare,—his kindliness. Like Bacon's sage, he has the face of one who pities humanity. He deals gently and lovingly with his men and women, gravely conscious of our mortal weaknesses, and tender to any hint of virtue. In a word, he has that moral wisdom without which art is only a painted shutter.

We do not ask for dogma from our greatest men. Their teaching is not enshrined in a formula or two for popular consumption. But it is worth noting one or two of the features of the inspiration which Mr. Meredith has given to his countrymen, since he is not only novelist, but teacher and poet

His philosophy is chiefly to be found in his poetry, and that poetry is not for the hasty reader. Something of the obscurity of his prose style crept into his verse, and his pipe did not bear long "the happy country tone" of "Love in the Valley." Yet no work of our day so amply repays study. His lines are surcharged with thought, often subtle and difficult thought, but there are many moments when the close argument ceases and the pure poetic magic takes its place. The first article in Mr. Meredith's philosophy is that the world is ruled by law. In that wonderful sonnet, "Lucifer in Starlight," he glorifies "the army of unalterable law" in the spirit of Milton. Cowards and weaklings must pay the price and suffer, for life is not a thing given but a thing to be won. Nature is careless of us and our ways unless we are of use to her. Others in our generation have held this doctrine, but too often they have fallen, like Mr. Hardy in his *Dynasts*, into a barren fatalism. But Mr. Meredith is an optimist, and believes that the universe is on the side of man's moral strivings. He believes in the regeneration of the world by man, and in the high destiny of humanity. In one of his most famous sonnets he compares the world to a drunken peasant staggering home from the inn to his cottage light, making wide circuits, but always getting nearer. Our line of advance is spiral, he says: we go wildly roundabout, but we are always getting upwards, and though we seem to be still in the same spot, the level is higher. But the first condition of progress is that we accept the earth and do not beat our wings in the void. We must clear our eyes and see ourselves as we are, kin both to the brutes and to the stars. Mr. George Trevelyan in his admirable study of Mr. Meredith's poetry has pointed out that whenever an unknown "she" is apostrophized, we may take this as meaning Mother Earth. This conception is the key of his philosophy. It is the world which God made and which His laws govern; man is a part of it, and, as such, subject to natural laws, but he is also the key of the whole. He is close to the beasts and the wild things of Nature, and if he forgets his kinship he will become a vain dreamer. Mr. Meredith would have us always keep in mind the pit whence we were digged, and love the common earth as our mother, for it is only by the path of our common humanity that we can rise to higher things. Melampus, the wise physician, goes through the world healing men, and his power of healing comes just from his kinship to Nature, his

> Simple love of the things
> That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck.

Here is an optimism of the old heroic kind. The world must be faced in all its grimness, for it is part of us, and we cannot escape. But we can make its alienness friendly, and transform its harshness by our love. Its inexorable laws become perfect freedom to those who understand its service. He calls upon mankind to give up tinsel gods and the whole kingdom of make-believe, to come into the fresh air and see things as they are, since the only optimism worth having is that which is more frank and merciless than any pessimism. "Neither shall they say, Lo here! or lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you." The common earth, this rough, intractable, savage place, is the only soil on which we can build Jerusalem. Such a creed is too natural for naturalism, too spiritual for asceticism. It blinks nothing, and yet hopes and believes all things. To-day, when the fashionable philosophy of life is one of thin sentiment, when men tend to strip morality of rigor, and dally idly with weakness and revolt, it is impossible to overpraise

this manly voice. In the close of one of his poems, the "Hymn to Color," he has put into noble verse the central doctrine of his creed:—

This way have men come out of brutishness,
To spell the letters of the sky and read
A reflex upon earth else meaningless.
. . . . . .
More gardens will they win than any lost;
The vile plucked out of them, the unlovely slain.
Not forfeiting the beast with which they are crossed,
To stature of the gods will they attain.
They shall uplift their Earth to meet her Lord,
Themselves the attuning chord.

But the preacher was always secondary to the artist. In looking back on his work it is less the philosopher we think of than the creator. One recalls that wonderful mass of poetry, with every note in it from April bird-song to the thunderous dirge of the sea. One remembers his magical landscapes (for no novelist has ever had greater power of reproducing the atmosphere of a scene), his Alpine glens and pastures, his English meadows in high summer, his spring woodlands, his sea pictures, and a thousand sketches of town and country. One remembers his interest in every phase of the human comedy, whether it were sport, or politics, or boyish escapades, or old wine, or sound scholarship or the generous dreams of youth. Above all one remembers that gallery of figures, most of whom are now part of our national heritage. Mr. Meredith has drawn every type of English man and woman and boy and girl, so that his novels are like the "Canterbury Tales," the true history of an age. We can only say of him, as Dryden said of Chaucer, "Here is God's plenty."

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Valerian Paget's translation of "The Revelation to the Monk of Evesham Abbey" is the first to be made although the Revelation was published in 1196. The Monk lay insensible two days and two nights and awoke to weep his fate in returning to earthly life after seeing Purgatory and Paradise. His description of both is vivid and so direct that the purgatorial horrors are much too impressive for comfort even to-day. Those who fancy that the Calvinists originally discovered the subject of pains and penalties after death, will find that the Monk not only forestalled them, but set a standard of painful writing to which they never attained. The only existing copy of the original is in the British Museum and has been the subject of elaborate discussion and comment by Professor Arber, whom Mr. Paget quotes at length. The translation is entirely free both from archaisms and from words distorted for the moment by current misuse, and as it helps the ear to realize a vision of the Monk, so do the type and decoration of the book bring his time before the eye, for, although they are not precisely those of the first books ever printed in English they are not of the present day. There are still pious souls who will take comfort in the book, but its value as a literary and historical monument is its strongest claim to attention. It should on no account be put into the hands of a nervous person or of a timid Christian. The men of the twelfth century were stronger in body, or weaker in imagination than their sensitive sons. The John McBride Co., New York.

Some forty years ago Mr. James Parton wrote an Atlantic article on Chicago and came near terrifying many of his readers by his account of the swift changes by which the city had grown from huts on the bare prairie into a hive of industries old and new, a home for an ambitious independent people, indifferent to the East; persuaded that the world was theirs for the taking, and that they knew how to take it. The reality of to-day makes even the predictions of the enthusiastic Parton seem poor and dull, and the chronicle of its growth may be found in "The Story of the Great Lakes," by Professor Edward Channing and Marion F. Lansing. With it are scores of other chronicles all as remarkable, beginning in the days when the plumed soldiers of France and the black-gowned Jesuits came to the Laurentian region; rehearsing the story told at length by Parkman; and then plunging into the fairy tale of mines, forests, cattle, grain, all the natural, cultivated, and manufactured sources whence have come the lake cities. The chapters on canals and on lake shipping are equally amazing, although free from any touch of exaggeration. The authors have the rare ability to show the fine side of mere magnitude, a quality too often vulgarized by injudicious boasters unable to express the manner in which it affects them. This book, besides its value as a piece of genuine literature, will be the greatest of aids to teachers and parents, and the teacher who insists upon having it in the school library, the father who buys it for his bright boy, will accomplish a good work. The Macmillan Co.

When Dr. Dio Lewis opened his gymnasium classes for women some forty-five years ago, even he hardly foresaw the present state of affairs, and both the parents and the pupils of his time would have been shocked at the thought of team work. To-day, athletics for women are a matter of course, and the only open questions are methods and motives. "Athletic Games in the Education of women," by Miss Gertrude Dudley and Miss Frances A. Kellor is an effort to show wherein sports are wastefully used, and wherein they are improperly used, and how conditions may be improved. Miss Dudley has had long experience in teaching; Miss Kellor wide knowledge of the effects resultant from learning various subjects, and their book is valuable. The conservative parent and teacher will be surprised to find the authors in accord with him, both in disapproval of what he calls tomboyishness and in their insistence upon the value of quiet demeanor not only in shaping the pupil's mind, but also in adding to the efficiency of a team, and to the spectacular beauty of a game. The first "Part" of the three composing the book is entitled "Value of Athletic Games," and its opening chapter affords excellent reading for girls in colleges and high schools: In the second part, Athletics in Secondary Schools, in Universities, and in political and social organizations are considered and also competitive and public games. The authors favor the English treatment of the subject, rather than that which until lately had entire possession of the field in the United States, but is now disputed. In Part Three, basket ball, baseball, and hockey are discussed in detail, and a chapter is given to general training and contests, and thus the entire field is covered. The book will both interest and benefit girl-students and the members of associations and clubs, although meant rather for instructors and guardians, and will long be counted among the beneficial forces in the education of women. Henry Holt & Co.